

# The TATLER

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# The TATTLER

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## THE COUNTESS OF HADDINGTON

*Cannons of Hollywood, Dover Street*

No one would believe, looking at this charming photograph and excellent likeness, that it is fourteen years since Miss Sarah Cook, younger daughter of Mr. G. W. Cook, of Westmount, Montreal, followed the lead of her sister, Lady Minto, and became Scottish by marriage. As a Brigadier of the Royal Company of Archers Lord Haddington was on duty during Their Majesties' visit to the Palace of Holyroodhouse, and he and his wife were invited to dine with the King and Queen. Lord and Lady Haddington have a daughter, born in 1934





AT DEAUVILLE: MRS. GWYNNE AND LADY URSULA MANNERS  
Mrs. Gwynne and Lady Ursula Manners were members of the Duke of Sutherland's party aboard his yacht at Deauville. Mrs. Gwynne is a very charming American; Lady Ursula Manners is the Duke of Rutland's elder daughter

*More pictures from Deauville in next week's issue*

AND so we come to the end of the most brilliant, hectic, and exhausting season since the War. Society, from their Majesties the King and Queen down to the youngest débutante, has earned a quiet and restful holiday. And there are others, too, who will welcome the

August Bank Holiday—the waiters, for instance, from big catering firms who have seen the dawn break morning after morning over piles of dirty plates, mounds of used glasses, and the debris of “scraps.”

Only a prosperous and peaceful country can afford such sociability. Let us pray that this season is but the beginning.

The last important débutante ball of the season was notable in more ways than one, for it was given by Lady Carisbrooke and Lady Weigall for Lady Iris Mountbatten at Englemere, the large house at Ascot that has been the scene of many parties since the Weigalls took it.

With tireless energy and unflagging good spirits Lady Weigall herself supervised every detail from her electric wheel chair in which she speeds about the garden and up and down really steep slopes in what appears to be a very hazardous fashion. A ballroom was built out on the terrace, flanked on one side by a beer garden where hot breakfast dishes were cooked by white-capped chefs, and on the other by a tent in which girls clad in Tyrolean costumes distributed every imaginable kind of fruit from costermongers' barrows piled high with strawberries,

## PANORAMA



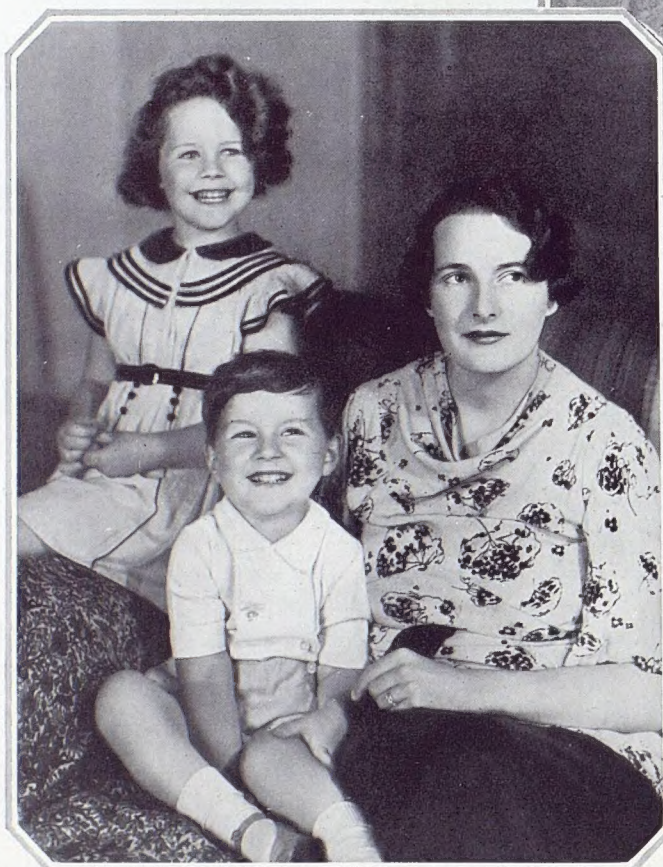
ALSO AT DEAUVILLE:  
MRS. HUGH LEVESON-GOWER

Mrs. Hugh Leveson-Gower was wearing an attractive cornflower-blue bathing-dress at the Bar du Soleil when the camera found her. The rather corpulent fish is a beach-bag

raspberries, peaches, plums and gooseberries in great luscious-looking mounds.

I have often seen gardens floodlit, but never before with faintly tinted electric light bulbs, hidden amongst the bushes, that bathed the trees and flowers in a beautiful, almost unearthly, radiance. The swimming-pool was surrounded by tall white lilies on which a white light was trained from the roof of the house, whilst the old stone statues were lit with a pale greenish colour. Inside the house there were tall groups of delphiniums, auratum lilies, salmon pink gladioli, and speckled carnations, all of which Lady Weigall had chosen herself.

There was a week-end party of some twenty guests, who dined before the dance at three round tables decked with racing and family trophies in silver and silver-gilt. As the guests arrived they each produced the special cardboard disc previously sent to them by post, and also had their names marked off on an alphabetical list at the front door—an excellent method of foiling the would-be gate-crasher.



THE HON. MRS. FRANCIS PAKENHAM WITH  
ANTONIA AND THOMAS

Mrs. Pakenham, a second cousin of Mr. Neville Chamberlain, has political interests of a different colour as prospective Socialist candidate for the King's Norton division of Birmingham. Her father, Mr. N. B. Harman, is a Harley Street surgeon; she married Lord Longford's brother and heir-presumptive in 1931. Besides the five- and four-year-olds in the picture she has another son who arrived last April



Lady Weigall wore her pearl-tipped tiara and her necklace and corsage ornament of large black pearls with a dress of shell pink and silver brocade, and standing beside her chair Lady Carisbrooke received the guests in a tunic dress of heavy white satin bordered with original embroideries of white shells. The only note of colour was the double necklace of large sapphires which she wore with long diamond earrings and the huge diamond brooch that, I remember, she used to catch her robes together at the Coronation.

Lady Iris Mountbatten wore the shade of aquamarine blue that suits her so well and was having breakfast with a party of young friends on the terrace as the dawn broke at four a.m.

Also staying with Lady Weigall was her daughter, Lady Curzon, who looked beautiful in a dress of crinkled silver tissue. Madame Paravicini, in her usual infectious good spirits, was in the house party and went up to London to present polo prizes the day after the dance, returning in time for dinner.

Things have come to a pretty pass when one's attention is attracted by good manners, but two attractive girls at the dance to whom I would award the highest marks for perfect manners were Diana and Zara Mainwaring, the daughters of Lady Mainwaring and the late Sir Harry Mainwaring.

All roads must have led to Englemere that night, and one never seemed to come across the same person twice during the evening, but I caught a fleeting glimpse of the Argentine Ambassador and Madame Malbran, Lord Horne and Lord Morven Cavendish-Bentinck, the second son of the Duke of Portland, all of whom had dined with Lady Weigall beforehand. Lady Westmorland wore black with what a little French dressmaker once

well as one or two bets on the result. Some eight months ago a far-seeing and extremely wealthy mother, who was shrewd enough to realise that though kind hearts may be



WIDOW OF A GREAT GENIUS:  
THE MARCHESA MARCONI WITH  
HER DAUGHTER, ELETTRA

The former Contessa Maria Cristina Bezzi Scali married the great inventor, as his second wife, in 1927. Much of the pioneer work of the imaginative genius who created wireless communication was carried out in this country, which shares deeply in sympathy offered to his widow and in tribute to his greatness



AT A WEDDING: LADY FORESTER  
AND HER DAUGHTER, THE HON.  
JULIET WELD-FORESTER

They were photographed on their way to the reception at 10, Stanhope Street, after the wedding of Mr. Vernon Harington to Miss Mary Vernon. Juliet was an important member of the bridal retinue

described to me as a "sortie de bal" in pink feathers, and Mary Lady Howe had a wreath of pink camellias across her hair.

In short, a memorable party that stands out amongst the innumerable débutante balls of the season.

What promises to be a storm in "a soup tureen" arose last week when the end of the Coronation season hove in sight, and already it is causing a great deal of amusement as

was duly paid in cash on delivery of débutante.

All went well—or so the peeress thought—until ten days ago, when the girl departed for the North once more and her launcher prepared to go abroad and relax on the hard-earned proceeds. But alas, her anticipations were short-lived, for when she presented her account it was returned with a cheque for only half the amount still due and a typewritten note to say the débutante had not had full value for money as she had received no offer of marriage from anyone higher than a knight! When she had recovered from the shock the peeress's sense of humour came to her aid, and she sat down and made out a businesslike bill on these lines:—

Introduction to Viscount at lunch .....	£2 2 0
Supper with ditto at dance .....	1 1 0
Week-end at Lady — .....	3 3 0
Cocktail party at Hon. Mrs. — .....	15 0
Selling programmes at "Royal-attended" film première .....	1 10 0
Etc., etc.	

Everyone who knows the story and the names of those playing the leading rôles in it is now agog to hear who wins, but in the meantime it is rumoured that the girl in question has become secretly engaged to a local young man she has known for years, and that when her mother discovers this payment will be even more painful!

Who has been the prettiest, most popular débutante of the season? That is not an easy question to answer. Lady Honor Vaughan, dark-haired, dark-eyed, with her magnolia complexion and charming manners, has been an immense favourite, so, too, has Barbara Daniell, who is frequently mistaken for Lady Honor. Lady Rose Paget is pretty and popular, and another is Mary Rose Charteris, who has had

(Continued overleaf)



AT SANDWICH: LADY DUNN WITH  
HER DAUGHTER, ANNE

Sandwich is a great place for children: it is there that the Duke and Duchess of Kent's small people will spend their seaside holiday. Sir James Dunn's wife is seen on the beach with their small daughter, Anne, who was born in 1929



## PANORAMA—continued

the chaperonage of sisters Lady O'Neill and dark-haired, fascinating Lady Long.

Lady Ann Stuart-Wortley can look back on a highly successful first season, and so can cherub-faced Avice Vernon. And for all the debs. last week there were romantic and glamorous parties to wind up the season.

Mrs. Marshall Field, whose home in Regent's Park is surrounded by one of the loveliest gardens in London, "threw" a magnificent party. The fact that the hostess had to change her plans and give her guests dinner indoors instead of in the garden as originally planned made little difference to a perfectly arranged party.

The Duke and Duchess of Kent (they must surely hold the record in the Royal Family for the number of parties attended this year) dined first and remained to dance in the ballroom, through whose long windows guests caught glimpses of the swans on the lake and the illuminated gardens, where musicians wandered playing Hungarian melodies.

Lady Nunburnholme was one of the loveliest guests at this party, and another "beauty" was Lady Haddington, exquisite in an off-white frock. Slim Lady Louis Mountbatten, and the tall brunette Duchess of Westminster, tiny Lady Plunket, and the Duchess of Buccleuch were others there who could not help but enjoy themselves.

There was also last week the highly successful evening party given by Miss Pauline de Bush at Ashton Upthorpe, near Wallingford.

The hostess, an enthusiastic amateur actress, banked on a fine night and for once in a way there was neither a thunderstorm nor a threatening of rain to interfere with her plans.

The gardens of the cottages, which have been converted into a delightful country house, provided an ideal stage setting for *Much Ado About Nothing*, with the hostess as Beatrice and her cousin, Eric Bush, as Benedict.

Here, too, clever flood-lighting illuminated an enchanting lake and beds filled with summer flowers.

Baroness de Bush, Ivor Newton, Grace Eva Moore, Miss Eva Turner, the singer, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Meyer, who were responsible for those successful children's concerts attended on at least one occasion by Princess Elizabeth, were some of those who enjoyed the play, and equally the first-rate supper served in the loggia during the interval.

There were two very dramatic moments at the Vic-Wells Completion Fund Supper Party at the Dorchester last week. One was during Lady Violet Bonham-Carter's witty appeal for funds, in the middle of which Miss Viola Tree rose from her table and enquired in a few forcible words why the necessary money could not be obtained from the National Theatre Fund raised in memory of her father; the other incident came later in the evening when Sir



H.R.H. THE DUCHESS OF KENT  
AT A WEDDING

T.R.H. the Duke and Duchess of Kent attended the wedding at the Temple Church of Mr. John Lowther, Private Secretary to the Duke, and Miss Priscilla Lambert, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Reginald Lambert. The Duke acted as best man. The Duchess is here seen leaving No. 3, Belgrave Square, for the church



LADIES' POLO AT RANELAGH:  
LADY PRISCILLA WILLOUGHBY

Lady Priscilla Heathcote-Drummond-Willoughby played No. 3 in the Ranelagh Ladies' team which beat Ferne B but succumbed to Rugby in the final by 2-1 after an extra chukka. She is Lord Ancaster's younger daughter

More pictures of this event in next week's issue

Eddie Marsh announced that King Carol of Rumania had given two hundred pounds towards the fund.

King Carol arrived in time to see the brilliant ballet performance which took place after the speeches. One would have thought that being at close quarters to the dancers might have destroyed some of the glamour, but, on the contrary, I have never seen Danilova, Baranova, and Riabouchinska look better.

The theatre world turned up in tremendous numbers. Prominent stars in theatrical and ballet constellations glittered on all sides and I have rarely seen the Dorchester so crowded with what must have been the autograph hunter's dream.

Lady Oxford and Asquith, with whom King Carol of Rumania had lunched earlier in the day, darted about from table to table and herself supplied some of the ballet company with champagne after they had finished one of their dances. Lady Cowdray had a large party, and so, of course, had Lord and Lady Hambleden and Mr. James Smith, who are all tremendous supporters of the scheme.

At the latter's table I saw Lord and Lady Moore, Malcolm Sargent, who was talking to Lady Violet Benson, Mary Lady Howe in a long sequin-covered coat of aquamarine blue, and Mlle. Alanova with Count Andrea de Robilant, to whom she was married the following morning.

Others I caught sight of in the throng were Lady Diana Cooper, Lady Cunard, who gave a donation in response to Lady Violet Bonham-Carter's speech, as did also Mr. Richard Tauber, Lord and Lady Cromer, who came on from a cinema, Mr. Ivor Novello with Miss Dorothy Dickson, Lady Wimborne, who had a table near the door, the Swiss Minister, and Lady Juliet Duff, who wore one of the new flat diamond necklaces. Miss Olga Lynn seemed to be here, there and everywhere, and had done so much to make the party the success it most undoubtedly was.

It was an excellent idea of Lady Kemsley's to give a dinner-dance for her step-daughter with tables set round the double drawing room of Chandos House, where those too exhausted by the entertainments of the season could rest and watch. No extra people were asked in after dinner so there was never an uncomfortable crowd, and Mr. Gillie Potter's cabaret turn was an immense success.

Lady Kemsley was in silver brocade with some fine diamonds and rubies, and the heroine of the evening wore a full-skirted off-white dress. Lord Kemsley, who was a charming host and had two of his six sons there to help him, told me that he is going to join his yacht at Venice with a family party, and anyone who has ever stayed aboard his yacht knows what a good time is in store for them.

Lady Carisbrooke, who gave a cocktail party at the Dorchester yesterday, came on from another dinner party to fetch her daughter, and another chaperoning mother was Lady Redesdale, who told me that she had just returned from Italy.



## THE ROYAL GARDEN PARTY AT BUCKINGHAM PALACE



CAPTAIN RICHARD HERBERT, SIR ARCHIBALD WEIGALL, LADY CHURSTON AND MRS. HERBERT



LORD AND LADY MOYNIHAN



LORD CRANLEY, LORD DILLON AND HIS DAUGHTER, LADY CRANLEY



MR. AND MRS. G. A. MURRAY SMITH LEAVING THE PALACE



THE HON. GRANIA GUINNESS WITH HER PARENTS, LORD AND LADY MOYNE



LADY KATHLEEN ROLLO AND HER DAUGHTER

The second Royal Garden Party, final State function of an unforgettable Coronation Season, had the benefit of brilliant sunshine, though a brisk breeze gave some anxious moments to the wearers of extra wide brims. Young Lady Moynihan—her husband succeeded his famous father as 2nd Baron last year—was taking no chances with her big hat, it being firmly tied on by means of a ribbon under her chin. Among several very tall young guests were Miss Primula Rollo, an ex-débutante, and Lady Grania Guinness, for whom her mother, Lady Moyne, gave a wonderful dance on July 14. There was also a super party last week at Englemere, Sir Archibald Weigall's Ascot home, the charming cause being Lord and Lady Carisbrooke's daughter, Lady Iris Mountbatten. The marriage of Lord and Lady Onslow's only son, Lord Cranley, to Lord and Lady Dillon's only daughter was a big event of last August. Lady Churston is Colonel William Du Pre's daughter, and Mrs. Murray Smith is the erstwhile Miss Ulrica Thynne



# THE CINEMA

The "Parnell" Film  
By JAMES AGATE

IN view of what follows there can be no harm in admitting that I went to the Empire to see the film of *Parnell* in what can only be called a scoffing frame of mind. Reverence is too strong a word to connote my regard for my colleagues in this business of film criticism, but there are many of them whom I respect, and when these, practically unanimously, indulge in derision I abandon hope of finding any enjoyment in the film which they deride. It was, perhaps, the unique note of tolerance in Miss Lejeune's estimate which dissuaded me from ignoring the picture entirely; no other critic that I read would have it at any price.

Judge, then, of my surprise to find myself in the course of and even at the end of the film in a state of positive disapproval of the detractors. I wondered at Miss Lejeune's too moderate rapture, and for once in a way even Beachcomber had let me down, though, as always, his sidelight was irresistible:—

"It has transpired that the reason why Mr. Clark Gable makes the part of Parnell so unconvincing is because he thought they said Daniel O'Connell. But even so, it is difficult to see what he means.

"It is a custom in Hollywood now not to tell your star what part he is playing, so that he can remain himself, and need not disappoint his faithful public. That is why Mr. Gable is to be allowed to play St. Francis in modern dress, and why Miss Loy's Boadicea had such a modern note in it."

This film, of course, has faults, and I am about to set down the worst of them. But it has one great major virtue which nobody seems to have thought worth noticing. This is that it is principally about Parnell, whereas the famous play from which it was made was principally about Katie O'Shea. Five of the play's eight scenes took place in Katie's drawing-room at Eltham, in another she hung about an ante-room in the House of Commons, and in yet another she interviewed Mr. Gladstone himself—an episode entirely omitted from the film.

Before going on with its major virtues I had better say what I think is wrong with the film. Quite the most heinous thing, very much worse than the casting, is the wantonly sentimental use of music. I am always deploring on this page the misapplication of music to the drama. If the obvious device of sobbing violins were used in to-day's theatre as pointer to a serious love scene the audience would break in with a cynical titter. Yet nobody objects to the same kind of pointer in a film like *Parnell*, where the hero and heroine's first meeting in a Parliamentary lobby is the immediate signal for the Irish air, "Believe me if all those Endearing Young Charms," presumably played by the House of Commons String Orchestra. The same thing and the same tune happen twice more in the course of the film—when the two are setting out for Mr. Gladstone's party and suddenly have divorce-papers served on them, and when Parnell is on his death-bed and is saying his last farewell. The first of these two instances seems to me to be the most striking case of musical misapplication in the whole record of film-making. I raised a single lonely guffaw at it, and was so glared at by the entire Empire that I felt like the central figure of a Bateman drawing, an abandoned minority of one! Apart from the more obvious aspects of the casting there does not seem to me to be much wrong with this film. There are little things in it, of course, which betray its American origin.

But the English Victorian atmosphere is, for the rest, wonderfully well conveyed. (Conceive me, if you can, a film made in England which should undertake to depict any slab of American history! It would be laughable even here, and it would run like laughing wildfire through the States!) The crowd scenes, whether in New York, London or Queenstown, are notably well done, and it is here, of course, that the film has a great advantage over any stage-play. The same applies to the parliamentary episodes, and very particularly to the law-court scene—omitted, of course, from the play—where Pigott's forgery is discovered. I refuse to believe that this was brought about by the ubiquitous Katie, who came across an actual letter from Pigott to Parnell while she was tidying up her Charles's desk and came running with it apparently all the way from Eltham to Temple Bar. But the scene itself is magnificently handled, and is especially enhanced by a blazingly good performance of Pigott by Neil Fitzgerald, who makes him a burning-eyed zealot with a fanatical beard. It is almost as if Parnell himself had suddenly popped up in the middle of this film about him! You feel that if Pigott did not look like this he ought to have done, and while you are in the cinema you feel the same about many other of the subsidiary performances—the Sir Charles Russell of George Zucco, the Davitt of Donald Crisp, the Campbell of Edmund Gwenn, the O'Shea of Alan Marshal, and the Auntie Ben of Edna May Oliver. About Montague Love's brilliant Gladstone you *know* that he looked like this exactly!

There is, then, a great deal of good acting, the direction is admirable throughout, and there is much particularly respectable dialogue by John van Druten and S. N. Behrman. (Where do dramatists go to in the wintertime and the summertime?

The answer is Hollywood, and the comment is that no wonder our stage is pining for fresh plays!) I found the film both moving and exciting, and I thought that even the love passages, apart from the exasperating outbreaks of string-band, were very well done. America, by the way, seems to have the oddest notions about the size of London. Katie's express delivery of the incriminating letter has already been mentioned. In another scene Parnell and Katie come out of the Houses of Parliament late at night and find themselves faced with a dense London fog. "A regular pea-soup, Mr. Parnell, a London particular!" says the policeman at the door, saluting. The two wander about in search of a cab, eat hot potatoes at a stall, exchange happy nonsense about the joy of being isolated from the world, and at last find a hansom drawn by an aged horse called Archibald. "Where to?" says the driver. "Oh, Euston or Charing Cross!" says Myrna Loy with a careless shrug, and Clark Gable steps in after her nonchalantly. They reach Euston in less time than it should take to reach Westminster Bridge in the daylight, and at the booking-office presumably say: "Oh, Dublin or Eltham!" Miss Loy seems to know perfectly well that she was not born to play so deep a one as Katie O'Shea, but Mr. Gable struggles like anything and with a certain gameness to play Parnell. He would have found it easier in a beard, but his public would probably have rioted if he had dared. Miss Loy gives him charming support and you feel that each would have been rather lost without the other. You just can't help liking the poor dears!



A STAR AT NIGHT: CLAUDETTE COLBERT  
AT THE HOLLYWOOD TROCADERO

An excellent snapshot taken in one of the film-city's many resorts, of the very attractive star of *I Met Him in Paris*, which is now at the Carlton. In this film Claudette Colbert is supported by Melvyn Douglas and Robert Young



# A STUART MASQUE

# GIVEN AT BADMINTON



LADY ROSEMARY AND LADY KATHLEEN ELIOT (Centre) AS LADIES OF THE COURT



MISS ANNA GIBBS WAS CATHERINE OF BRAGANZA



In Front: MRS. PHIPPS AND MRS. EDGAR BRASSEY  
Behind: MISS POLE-CARËW AND MISS HARFORD



KING CHARLES II (MAJOR S. B. RAWLINS) AND NELL GWYNN (MRS. DOROTHY WESCOTT)



LADY ANNE HUNLOKE AND MISS JOYCE KINGSCOTE



THE DUCHESS OF BEAUFORT AND MISS DIANA GIBBS

Photos: W. Dennis Moss

"When Charles was King," a masque of the Merry Monarch period by Madge Beaumont, was splendidly presented at Badminton on July 16 and 17 by a company over 300 strong. It was in aid of the West of England Homes of the Waifs and Strays Society, and the Duchess of Beaufort, President of this side of the Society's activities, was one of the performers, sharing with her sister, Lady Helena Gibbs, the rôle of the Duchess of Portsmouth. The story of a "waif" of the Great Fire of 1666 is interwoven through the five episodes of "When Charles was King," and the final episode deals with her betrothal and presentation at Court. Major S. B. Rawlins as King Charles II, Mrs. Wescott as Nell Gwynn, Miss Diana Gibbs as Lady Castlemaine and Miss Anna Gibbs as Queen Catherine of Braganza, all played their parts to the manner born, and looked magnificent. Included among the Ladies of the Court, who also wore wonderful clothes, were the Duke of Beaufort's nieces, Lady Rosemary and Lady Kathleen Eliot, Mrs. Edgar Brassey, from Dauntsey Park, Chippenham; Sir John Carew Pole's sister, Miss Marye Pole-Carew, the Duke of Devonshire's daughter, Lady Anne Hunloke, and Miss Joyce Kingscote, daughter of the former Master of the Cricklade. A special prologue to the Masque was written by Walter de la Mare



# Racing Ragout

By  
"GUARDRAIL"

OUR best congratulations to Cecil Boyd-Rochfort and Pat Beasley on a wonderful week's work. The thick end of £17,000 in stakes in two days, with a possible St. Leger to come, must give one a nice glow. The races concerned three rather unlucky people on the Turf, Lord Astor, Mr. Woodward and Sir Humphrey de Trafford. Lord Astor's Derby luck is proverbial, but to have a £10,000 race at your mercy and then for the horse to fall in the road and graze his knees the day before is a bit too much. The horse never ran at all. The wiseacres said after the race that his knees were filled, while a first-class stableman told me before the race that he had done himself no harm. Be that as it may, the punters fell into it to a man. Mr. Woodward had no luck with Omaha, Perifox ran very moderately in the Derby, and Boswell last year ran miles below his gallop in the Derby, so he wasn't winning much out of his turn. Sir Humphrey, though a good trier, hasn't been able to raise a flag in my memory, unless he won a selling at Brighton about five years ago with a rather dishonest horse trained by Frank Hartigan, called, I think, The Urchin. He has got a grand horse now that might be anything. He was, in my opinion after seeing him at Kempton, too backward to do himself justice at Ascot, but now that he has come to himself, with his size, scope and breeding he is the first classic two-year-old we have seen, with the exception, perhaps, of Ramtapa. The other fliers are unlikely to be stayers.

Some people are always lucky in every way. One owner I know, a rich man with but very few horses in training, almost invariably wins a race at Ascot. Nothing of his ever seems to break down, become hypochondriacal, or have to be shot or put in a selling plate. This year he appeared at the Royal meeting with his nether man enclosed in a sartorial rhapsody carried out in a motif of black and white *sac d'éponge*. The front fastening of these which gave such a svelte line was one of the new "slides" or zip fasteners which, according to the advertisements, are a boon to idle men and essential time-savers to busy ones, besides avoiding that marsupial look inseparable from faultily done-up buttons. He duly won his race, and it was not till he got home that the damn slide stuck up and he had to be removed from his trousers with a blow lamp. Anyone else would have been beaten a short head, come unslid at the meeting and gone

home a mass of safety pins. It is a very controversial point whether the idea adopted by Jack Jarvis' stable of coming wide at the turn into the straight at Sandown pays or not. One has seen races won by horses ridden in this way, but the sceptical say, how much must they have had in hand to do so? So many jockeys seem to get shut in and lose their races in consequence on this course that had I a horse I fancied I should tell my jockey to make his run on the outside. If the course has been watered only for a certain distance from the rails, then it is obviously sound policy to get just outside the watered area on to the hard going, but without having walked the course one would say, off-hand, that going over nearly to the stand rails must give away a lot of distance. I do not, however, agree with the gentleman who said to me that the sponsor of the idea should be in a home for the mentally deficient. We probably all consider each other's theories and methods half-witted, but they generally all work in their turn. It was after the ladies had left the dining-room that a young gentleman explained at some length to a well-known alienist his system and method of backing horses. "Take," said he, "a horse that ran fourth last time out. Take the time of the race, add or subtract the factors for the speed of the course, the strength of the wind,

the height of the barometer, the state of the jockey's liver and the capability of the trainer. Correct for the incapacity of the starter and the number of wrong numbers the judge puts up and there is your winner." "And, by the way," he continued, "do you know my brother at St. George's?" "I expect I do," replied the man of medicine. "Judging by the family mentality he is the one with two heads in the first glass jar on the right as you go in." Yet the young gentleman's method probably produced its share of winners.

This week is Goodwood, which can be so glorious or so pestilential. It is a great thing to remember there that nearly all the two-year-old races are over six furlongs, which is very different from five.

As a general rule it rains bundles of stair-ropes, and if the going gets at all deep the horses drawn on the higher side of the course have an enormous advantage. For the rest, the handicaps are very tricky, and almost more odds-on chances come undone at Goodwood than anywhere else. So if you don't want to have to go to Ally Pally instead of Deauville, take a pull.



SOME GOODWOOD CELEBRITIES AS SEEN BY "THE TOUT"

Some of those prominent at the meeting on the Duke of Richmond and Gordon's attractive course this week. The Duke is much addicted to flying and motoring; Captain Gerald Hubbard is his Agent and is Clerk of the Course. Mr. J. P. Hornung is an inhabitant of the same county; he lives at West Grinstead Park. He has several runners at the meeting, trained by Basil Jarvis. "Midge" Richardson is Lord Harewood's jockey, he also rode Fet in the Goodwood Stakes. Captain Bardwell's useful sprinter, Puzzler, won recently at Newmarket—where both Mr. Widener and Lord Dufferin have their horses in training with Cecil Boyd-Rochfort and "Vandy" Beatty respectively. John Hislop is Victor Gilpin's assistant at Michel Grove, near Worthing, where he trains for the Duke of Norfolk among others



## PRESENT AT A THRILLING ULSTER DERBY



LORD AND LADY ANTRIM  
WATCH THE BIG PARADE



MRS. CHICHESTER-CLARK, MISS ROSEMARY KER, AND  
MR. QUENTIN CRAIG, LORD CRAIGAVON'S NEPHEW



A SAILOR'S WIFE :  
MRS. PETER ROSS



Photographs - Poole, Dublin  
LT.-COLONEL HILL-DILLON, CAPTAIN A. BOYD-ROCHFORD, V.C., AND SENATOR PORTER-PORTER

Above are three members of the Irish Turf Club. Lt.-Colonel S. S. Hill-Dillon whose Soliman's Feast won the Irish Cesarewitch of 1933, is an Amateur rider as well as an owner. Captain Arthur Boyd-Rochfort, brother of the Newmarket trainer, lives in Westmeath, and Senator John Porter-Porter comes from Fermanagh. See extreme right for Lord Roden's daughter, Lady Elizabeth Annesley, whose husband, Mr. Gerald Annesley, is an Irish owner



THE HON. HELEN WARD AND THE HON. MRS.  
WEATHERBY, DAUGHTERS OF LORD BANGOR



COUSINS : MISS VALDA BLACK AND  
LADY ELIZABETH ANNESLEY





A RUSSIAN ARTIST: MISS OLGA ELIENA

Miss Olga Eliena recently held a very successful exhibition of her work in London. She is to be married in September to Count Rudolf Cronstedt, a rising young Stockholm architect

sation is merely a talking "record"; they are eager to drape all the uglier facts of existence in consoling thoughts of their own manufacture; regarding the whole display as yet another example of God's will. Science is accepted, because it has to be accepted. But the implications of science and scientific thought are ignored. It is far too uncomfortable; far too subversive of their own self-importance; far too dangerous a theory to accept if one clings to the divine inspiration of human life and human destiny. A miracle is always popular. Love and War, Life and Death are all dressed up in garments which pleasantly deceive the vast majority. Even when contemplation and actual experience show up the falsity of the decoration, it is ignored when it is not actually explained away.

Barrie once said that when we are born we find ourselves wrecked on an island. It was considered rather a "charming picture." Not the depressing truth, "romantically" expressed, which it really is. And his "Mary Rose"—that play of such sad but truthful implication—was adored almost entirely for its haunting atmosphere of pretty "other worldliness." In fact, most people love to dress themselves up, dress life and death up, dress heaven and earth up, decorate tragedy with symbolical flags and bunting, and get round any unpleasant truth by means of a by-pass of flowers and other pretty cultivation. Religion, as expressed by churches, gives them, of course, a glorious opportunity. Most people believe exactly what they want to

## WITH SILENT FRIENDS

By RICHARD KING

### A Very Remarkable New Novel.

**I**T is a curious fact, but nevertheless easy to understand, that whenever the truth is spoken—or as nearly truth as can ever be honestly uttered—it always creates a "sensation"! Usually a very disturbing sensation. The truth is so rarely consoling that few of us can bear to listen to it. Most of us have not the logical mind. We infinitely prefer the unreality with which we clothe our own inner and outer lives; and, indeed, the whole of life itself. Most of us could not live without this unconscious let's-pretend; the game of what-we-want-to-believe-is-true. Some people even go so far as to become so unreal that a mindless idiot seems, by comparison, more reasonable. They will believe anything so long as it is fantastic and akin to dramatic ecstasy. Their conver-

believe, and even when it is proved false they still go on believing it. Self-preservation of the spirit is as unconscious, nevertheless as relentless and as dogged, as self-preservation of the body.

When, in F. Tennyson Jesse's unusual and remarkable novel, "Act of God" (Heinemann; 7s. 6d.), the vision of the Mother of God appeared to the usual unintelligent young peasants on the hillside of the little French village of Flaxinet, it was still believed, even when eventually the vision turned out to be an English woman dressed for the part, who thus "appeared" and "disappeared" for her own self-dramatisation. The "miracle" turned an ordinary village into a place of pilgrimage. The sale of souvenirs, images, and cheap "what-nottery" became a local big business. Hotels were built. A golf-course was laid out. A chapel was erected on the exact spot where Our Lady had presumably appeared. There was an enormous increase of that spiritual hysteria which passes among so many people for religion. The good priest of the village, the Curé Cabadeus, felt that all the doubts in his own mind and in those of his flock were laid permanently at rest by this revelation. In fact, the truth would never have come out at all had not Vera Fanshawe, under the influence of her latest religious craze, the Oxford Movement, suddenly revealed the truth in a moment of gloriously dramatic "sharing." One evening she suddenly appeared among the Oxford Groupers at their meeting, arrayed as the Holy Virgin, and confessed her fraud. For she was one of those women who, so to speak, flit from branch to branch of the religious tree, clothing themselves thereby in an ever-changing limelight in order to attract attention and to pass their own time excitedly.

This, however, is only the main theme in a story which is full of strands of real interest. Miss Tennyson Jesse can give clear-cut, vivid character-studies of the kind of men and women who frequent the Riviera as brilliantly in a few lines as Mr. Somerset Maugham. But her story is remarkable most of all for the conflict between those who believe in revealed religion and those who, in sadness and disillusion, cannot be so easily convinced. The best of the first type is

found in the study of the local curé, M. Cabadeus—good, honest, proud and happy in the conviction of his faith; the best of the latter in the remarkable study of an equally good and honest atheist, Colonel Erskine—incidentally, cousin of the woman who perpetrated the "miracle" of Flaxinet. The two men understand and love each other. Apart from the trimmings of ritual and dogmatism on the one hand, and the honest disbelief on the other, the fundamentals of their spiritual life are the same. Each works for the good of humanity in his own separate way, although the inspiration is identical. And each helped the other in the supreme difficulty of their lives. When the whole of his, Cabadeus's, faith seems undermined after the exposure of the divine vision, it is Erskine who comes to the rescue with the consolation of a wider, deeper significance to human life. In Erskine's own tragedy it is the curé who sends him back home. He had fled from England after the terrible tragedy of his wife's death, believing that he could only find mental health in cutting himself adrift from all association with the past. Cabadeus tells him the truth. Only by going back and living with her memory, facing up to the tragedy where it actually happened, shall he ever find comfort and peace. Victory in the mind is never gained by running away.

All in all, "Act of God" is one of the most interesting novels I have read for a very long time. It makes you

(Continued on page 154)



Fayer of Vienna

### ENGAGED: MISS M. CAMPBELL GEDDES

Miss Margaret Geddes is the daughter of the Rt. Hon. Sir Auckland Geddes, G.C.M.G., K.C.B., and Lady Geddes, of Frensham, Rolvenden, Kent. She has announced her engagement to Prince Ludvig, second son of the Grand Duke and Grand Duchess von Hessen und bei Rhein. Her father was firstly Director of Recruiting and subsequently Minister of National Service during the Great War; later he was British Ambassador in Washington



## TENNIS PLAYERS AND

## "BEACHCOMBERS" AT FRINTON



A RETURN CONTEST? MISS VALERIE SCOTT  
AND COUNTESS DE LA VALDÈNE



COUNTESS TORATA



MISS ALEX McOSTRICH, COMMANDER M. WENT-  
WORTH, R.N., AND MISS KAY STAMMERS



MARGARET RHYS, LADY ANNE RHYS, LLEWELYN RHYS, THE HON. DAVID RHYS, MILDRED,  
LADY ORANMORE AND BROWNE, AND MR. PETER SMITH-DORRIEN



THE HON. MRS. ROBERT DEVEREUX WITH HER  
CHILDREN, MILO AND BRIDGET

Frinton's Tennis Tournament always draws a number of notabilities of the court and a large number of other people who go to look on—with interludes of playing about on the sands. Countess de la Valdène, the former Señorita Lili d'Alvarez, beat Miss Valerie Scott in the final of the Ladies' Singles, and seems to have got her "right" well placed in this encounter, even if there is not much weight behind it! Countess Torata's husband was at the Spanish Embassy in pre-war days; she was staying at Sir Albert Stern's house where the Countess de la Valdène was a fellow guest. Miss McOstrich was recently elected Middlesex Women's County Captain; she is to be married in September to Mr. Roy McKelvie, the squash player. Commander Wentworth was the partner in the Mixed Doubles of Miss Kay Stammers, who proved her return to form by winning the Ladies' Doubles with Mrs. J. B. Pittman. Below are seen some young people teaching their elders how to make sandcastles. Margaret Rhys is a daughter of the Hon. Elwyn Rhys, Lord Dynevor's second son; with her are her aunt and uncle and her cousin, Llewelyn. Milo Devereux, the bearer of a somewhat unusual family name, is Lord Hereford's grandson and heir



## WITH SILENT FRIENDS—continued

think. It says so much "out loud" which many of us say to ourselves in whispers. Nevertheless, it is not a book for those who cultivate mental "drapery," or see the whole universe, the past, the present and the future, in the aspect of their own, or even humanity's, snug self-importance.

## Thoughts from "Act of God."

"He knew the truth that some people refuse to realise—that it is quite possible to do something with the body that one does not do with the mind."

"Marriage is the greatest test of reality."

"If there is a normal and an extraordinary answer to anything, most people prefer the extraordinary."

"The line between boastfulness and remorse is very fine—drawn in matters of sex."

"To admit to adultery is money for jam to women. But to admit to ingratitude or meanness or pettiness, to admit, above all, to being unreal—how many women will do that?"

## History in the Cinema Manner.

If I state that M. Paul Rival's biography of "The Six Wives of Henry VIII." (Heinemann; 12s. 6d.), translated by Una Lady Troubridge, struck me as being history in the cinema manner, for this reason alone it will probably be highly popular. Look at the comparatively recent film on the same subject—which was as convincing, in either a historical or actual sense, as any playful summer pageant. It makes quite good "story," but it is rather tawdry and theatrical history, M. Rival pretends to know all that each historical character thought and felt in any given circumstance. Thus, after the execution of Anne Boleyn, Henry became "conscious that he had closed his eyes. He opened them and the day appeared to him less fair; the blue of the sky itself seemed crude. Again he listened, seeking to recover those marvellous harmonies that had been his exquisite torture, but now he heard nothing but vulgar shouts. It seemed to him that his limbs were heavier and that the world had lost its beauty." And as for Henry's love-making, it is always purely in the "talkie" tradition. Such a plethora of limbs and lingerie! Such passionate bedtimes! Such what I will call pure history *via* Hollywood. And, incidentally, such strange verbal quotations!

Thus King Henry VIII., in the throes of his courtship of the gay, fascinating, tantalising Boleyn, says to himself: "I shall take her in my arms and compel her to materialise, to become mere flesh of this earth. I shall fashion a woman out of shy flame; I shall mingle my being with that of this sinuous snake, this Melusine. An essential particle of my body will inhabit her unreality, will slowly come to life, to birth and to the light of day, and this child will be myself and this small, elusive Anne. He shall unite our two essences, issuing forth from mystery like Arthur the Breton King, the mystical father of the Tudor race, born of the sorceries

of the enchanter Merlin, like Alexander the Great, conqueror son of the divine serpent who loved his mother, Almypias. Had not Eve herself, with the aid of the Tempter, created a strange descendance under the Tree of Knowledge?" Now, if you consider that quoted soliloquy sounds completely "in the character and the period," well and good. You will find history, as represented in this book, wholly convincing. But, for myself, I was consciously distributing the various characters among the film "stars" and seeing this and that entirely from a "camera angle" all the time. But nevertheless the book is history "well produced" for popular consumption, and King Henry's six wives certainly lend themselves to this manner of film-like idiom. They were a nicely varied assortment.



## A GARGANTUAN TASK

Rosario La Spina, ninety-year-old Italian sculptor, at work on a giant head of the Italian patriot, Giuseppe Garibaldi, which represents six years' hard labour and is still unfinished. Garibaldi loomed a good deal larger than life-size when his consummate generalship was altering the map of Italy. On his death, in 1882, the whole country mourned, and the memory of this superman is immortal

## Story of Lancashire Folk.

"Carnival at Blackport" (Gollancz; 7s. 6d.) is one of those good novels which might have been so much better had not interest been divided into at least three different directions. At times it seems to be a story written in what I will call the "Grand Hotel" manner; seizing on a brief period of carnival to give us a whole composite picture of a Lancashire seaside town at holiday-time. At other moments, it concentrates on the sad story of Laura and Jake, and Jake's obvious admiration for the Jewish girl, Sarah Levibond. Then again, the carnival, its preparation and its result, takes up a large proportion of the book; with the character of the fellow-lodgers in the boarding-house where Laura and Jake live, and that of Ted Rivington, as, so to speak, two very substantial "sandwiches." All are interesting, but they seem to divide the point of the story between them, so that attention wanders here and there. Yet the main theme is, I suppose, the story of Laura and Jake. Laura had had one child, which died at birth, and the doctor had told her that it would be highly dangerous for her to have another. And yet

Jake was anxious, above all else, to have a son, and Laura loved him. Moreover, Jake's attention was wandering towards Sarah Levibond. It seemed, therefore, to Laura that the only way to keep him her own alone was to risk another childbirth. She does, and the result is an inevitable tragedy.

These characters and the parts they play are, I suppose, the main theme of the story. Mr. Hodson makes us understand and like them. But actually he makes us understand and like all his Lancashire characters. He seems to know them so well; share their humour, their courage, the "gay adventure" they all try to make out of life. Perhaps, as a novel, his book would have been best of all as a series of studies of Lancashire folk and Lancashire life, with the carnival at Blackport as the supreme moment of "escapology" from hard work and anxiety. Even as it is, you will enjoy it less as a complete story and much more as a moving, likeable, very human transcription of the Lancashire scene.



## SCOTTISH OCCASIONS

At Kinnordy and Cortachy Castle



A VERY POPULAR MINISTER: THE REV.  
HARRY RORISON, OF KIRRIEMUIR



AT THE KINNORDY DOG SHOW: LORD  
LYELL WITH MRS. GRAY-CHEAPE



MR. AND MRS. STEWART-MACKENZIE



MRS. IVAN GUTHRIE



MABELL LADY AIRLIE AND MR. JOHN OGILVY

A charity Dog Show and a Garden Fête were the two Angus occasions illustrated here. The Hon. Mrs. Charles Lyell, Lord Lyell's mother, organised the dog show at Kinnordy, and one of the exhibitors was Kirriemuir's Minister, whose Springer Spaniel, Bass, goes everywhere with him, whether on show or not. Mrs. Gray-Cheape, of Carse Gray, came to the show, which was to help the Kirriemuir Landward Nursing Association. Colonel Ivan Guthrie's wife and her prizeworthy Peke were other supporters. The Kinnordy house-party included Lord Lyell's newly married brother-in-law and sister, Mr. and Mrs. Stewart-Mackenzie of Seaforth, in whose honour Mrs. Lyell recently gave a Ball. Two days after the dog show, Lord Airlie, Lord Chamberlain to H.M. the Queen, lent the garden at Cortachy Castle for a Fête in aid of the Airlie Training Scheme. The opening ceremony was performed by Sir Iain Colquhoun, of Luss, one of the new Knights of the Thistle installed in St. Giles's Cathedral when the Queen became the first Lady of this Most Ancient and Most Noble Order. Mabel Lady Airlie, Lord Airlie's mother, has been a Lady of the Bedchamber to Queen Mary for many years. Inshewan is Mr. John Ogilvy's home

Photographs: Laing



# CONCERNING GOLF

By HENRY LONGHURST

The hands, after all, are the only physical point of contact between the player and the club. They are also, what is more important, the principal link in the co-ordination of the mind and the muscles—in fact, as Vardon says, the “chief point of concentration.”

That much of Cotton's success is due to the predominant part played deliberately by his hands is a view shared, I see, by P. B. Lucas, a studious pupil of the great man for the past two years. Lucas has joined the *Sunday Express* as golf correspondent and general sporting writer, and has at once proved himself a welcome addition to the ranks of the golfing scribes.

But to return for a moment to Walton Heath. For the last four years of Lord Riddell's life, nothing was done to the course; its surface condition was bad, its popularity dwindled. At the present moment I should say it is in as good order as any inland course in the world. Sir Emsley Carr has not only built a clubhouse worthy of the name, but has also managed to revitalise the club itself. Incidentally, Sir Emsley, whom I had the pleasure of partnering in a Press meeting there the other day, is an example of the old truth that you don't have to hit the ball particularly hard to make it go—you simply have to hit well. He was seventy this year, plays with ease to a handicap of 8, and was round in 84 when we played together.

A man to watch at Walton is James Braid's new assistant, Gregory M'Intosh, who came from Staffordshire. If you saw the Cotton-Shute match, you will remember



AT DEAUVILLE: THE DUKE OF SUTHERLAND

The Duke of Sutherland had his yacht lying at Honfleur, since tides were all wrong, on his arrival, for entering Trouville. He is seen waiting to drive off at Deauville

simply as an excuse to make a few observations upon the champion's methods. In the last round of the Open Championship, his second shots missed the greens to such an extent that he was able, by superlative holing-out, to reduce his total putts to twenty-five; the same was true at Moor Park, when he won the Silver King Tournament. But in this match against Shute, he produced the old golf that one had come to regard as typical of him.

How does he do it? What secret has he discovered that the others do not know? Or does he play in the same way as the others and simply do it a little better?

Of course, the controlled physical strength that he has cultivated in the last ten years has a lot to do with it; but that alone does not account for the tremendous difference between him and the next best.

If he has one paramount secret, I should say it is that he plays golf with his *hands*. We have heard so much about “lateral hip shifts,” body turns, pivots—this, that, and the other—that the elementary principle that golf is a game directed primarily by the hands is often overlooked. Harry Vardon put it well when he wrote (I quote from memory, but almost verbatim): “If only people would realise that the *hands*, both in taking the club back and in bringing it down again, are the *chief point of concentration* for successful golf. . . .”

In present-day golf, the man who makes the most obvious use of his hands is Gene Sarazen, whose simplicity of style is a revelation to those who witness it for the first time, and a constant joy to those who already know it by heart. He simply stands quite still, takes the club back with his hands, brings it down with his hands—and away she goes. I once ran an interview with him on the subject “Why does the Average Golfer remain average?” His reply came without a second's hesitation: “Hands,” he said. “The first-class player plays with his hands—lets his hands lead the rest of his body. The average golfer plays with his head—he's thinking of fifty different things at once.”

THE challenge match between Cotton and Shute at Walton Heath is now past history, but I should like to hark back to it for a moment



ALSO AT DEAUVILLE: COMMANDER J. DUGDALE

Commander “Jimmy” Dugdale is Lady Eva Dugdale's elder son and cousin to the Earl of Warwick. He was staying on the Duke of Sutherland's yacht and was playing against his host when the picture was taken.

him as the tall fellow with the Scottish accent and the megaphone. Without his services the day might well have developed into a complete shambles. “One of Nature's sergeant-majors,” as Bernard Darwin described him the next day. I think I am right in putting his age as twenty. At any rate, he finished 32nd in the Open, goes round the Old Course at Walton in 70 and altogether is a coming fellow.



TWO MORE FROM DEAUVILLE: M. JACQUES LEGLISE AND MR. F. P. HARRISON

M. Jacques Leglise usually captains the French side in the Thion de la Chaume foursomes, which were recently won at Le Touquet for the fifth time in succession by General Critchley and Miss Diana Fishwick. He has been many times Amateur Champion of France. Mr. Harrison is a member of the Paris-American colony



## GOLF CLUBS AND GOLFERS



## FLACKWELL HEATH GOLF CLUB—BY "MEL"

Flackwell Heath lies under the Chilterns about half-way between High Wycombe and Bourne End, within five minutes' walk from Loudwater Station and three miles by road from High Wycombe. The course is something between downland and moorland, with clumps of trees and gorse and sudden dips and ravines. It is a dry course, lying on gravel, chalk and sand, and it is this subsoil that gives the course its winter excellence. The first five or six holes are along the crest of the ridge, then there are seven on the slope of the hill, and the end of the round is on the plateau at the top of the hill. The greens are splendid in all weathers



## THE COMING-OF-AGE BALL



MR. J. WOODROFFE AND  
LADY FRANCES COLE



MISS AVERIL LLOYD AND  
MR. D. MACGREGOR

## AT RED RICE, ANDOVER



THE HON. ANNE VANECK  
AND MR. A. LEATHAM



MR. A. CONSTABLE-MAXWELL  
AND MISS B. BRANCH



MISS SUSAN BLIGH AND  
MR. J. MEDLECOTT



MISS GLORIA CONGREVE AND  
MR. DAVID PETHERICK



MR. C. GRAHAM AND MISS DOROTHY NORTH

Major and Mrs. Godfrey Miller Mundy gave a ball for the coming-of-age of their only son, Peter, at Red Rice, Andover, recently. Above are some of the guests. Lady Frances Cole is the Earl of Enniskillen's second daughter; her mother is Major Miller Mundy's sister. Miss Averil Lloyd is Mrs. Ralph Stobart's ex-débutante daughter. Mr. MacGregor is a nephew of Sir Malcolm MacGregor of MacGregor. The Hon. Anne Vanneck is Lord Huntingfield's daughter; her father is Governor of that State which, on account of its relatively small size and high fertility, flippant Australians sometimes call "The Cabbage Garden"—Victoria. Lady Huntingfield and her daughter are over here for the season. Mr. Andrew Constable-Maxwell is the youngest son of the Hon. Bernard Constable-Maxwell, who is the Dowager Duchess of Norfolk's uncle. Miss Dorothy North, Lord North's granddaughter, is engaged to Mr. Clive Graham: they are to be married in September.



MR. AND MRS. CECIL LAWRENCE





WITH HER GREAT DANE, MICHAEL

## THE FORMER MISS PRIMROSE SALT

Lovely Mrs. Anthony Osborne and studies of her son



DUNCAN OSBORNE ENJOYS LIFE

The eldest daughter of Major-General H. F. Salt, A.A.G., Army Headquarters, New Delhi, was quickly acclaimed the star débutante of 1933 and had almost as big a social success as that achieved by the erstwhile Miss Margaret Whigham. Two years later Miss Primrose Salt married Mr. Anthony Hope Osborne, The Queen's Bays. When young Duncan Osborne completed the family circle some eight months ago, Michael, the Great Dane, felt rather affronted, but now he and the genial son of the house are the greatest friends. According to report, Duncan is due for his first riding lesson shortly. His father's newly mechanised regiment was inspected last week at Aldershot by its Colonel-in-Chief, Queen Elizabeth



Photographs by Bassano



## AT THE ROYAL ISLE OF WIGHT AGRICULTURAL SHOW



SHOWING SUFFOLKS AND SHEEP:  
SIR HANSON AND LADY ROWBOTHAM



PRIZE-WINNERS IN THE RIDING CLASSES:  
ANGELA THORP AND JANE WOODROFFE



MISS PAMELA MORRISON-BELL AND  
COLONEL EUSTACE MORRISON-BELL



MISS VAN HAEFTEN AND HER FIANCÉ,  
THE HON. PATRICK SEELY



THE PRESIDENT, COLONEL STEPHENSON  
CLARKE, AND MRS. STEPHENSON CLARKE



MISS PEGGY PHILIPPS WITH  
MR. P. E. BLACKMORE

The Royal Isle of Wight Agricultural Society's Show, revived after a year's lapse and held at Newport, had a lot of rain to contend with. A brighter side to the picture was provided by the largely increased entry of agricultural horses, which necessitated the main class being divided into Suffolks and Shires. Sir Hanson Rowbotham, whose Island home is Brooke Hill, is a leading breeder of Suffolks. His Dorset Horn sheep were also in the money at the Show. Colonel Stephenson Clarke, this year's president of the Royal Isle of Wight Agricultural Society, has a house in Sussex as well as Binstead House, near Ryde. Miss Angela Thorp, and Miss Jane Woodroffe—youngest daughter of that popular Bembridgean, Brig.-General "Dick" Woodroffe—both got good marks in the ring. Miss Peggy Philipps, another competitor in the riding classes, is Mrs. Woodroffe's niece. Other well-known Islanders at the Show included Colonel Eustace Morrison-Bell and his elder daughter, and Lord Mottistone's second son who brought his fiancée. Miss Van Haeften is the only daughter of Lady Ley by her first marriage with Baron Van Haeften



## SEEN AT COWES



SIR JOHN SHELLEY-ROLLS, OWNER OF "ALASTOR," AND LADY SHELLEY-ROLLS



CAPTAIN CROSS, LORD MOTTISTONE AND LORD BRECKNOCK



SIR FITZROY GOUGH-CALTHORPE, OF THE R.Y.S., AND A FRIEND



MR. AND MRS. J. S. HIGHFIELD, WEEK-ENDING AT COWES



THE HON. MRS. TRYON, MAJOR THE RT. HON. G. C. TRYON AND MRS. WALSH



SIR HERCULES LANGRISHE AND LORD POWERSCOURT

Cowes, which stages its world-famous Regatta from August 2 to 7, has already had a good quota of visitors, particularly during the last two week-ends. One of the Royal Yacht Squadron vessels to be seen on the station was Sir John Shelley-Rolls' M.Y. "Alastor." The owner and his wife were aboard her, as they were for the Naval Review. Captain Cross is skipper of "Yarta," owned by Lord Brecknock's father, Lord Camden. Lord Mottistone, owner of "Izmé," coxswain of the Brooke lifeboat, etc., etc., etc., looked in at yachting G.H.Q. after reviewing the 95th (Hants. Yeomanry) Field Brigade, of which he is Honorary Colonel. Sir FitzRoy Anstruther-Gough-Calthorpe, Sir Hercules Langrishe, and his fellow-countryman, Lord Powerscourt, also belong to the R.Y.S., which was established in Waterloo year. It is one of the most exclusive clubs in the world, and though no limit is set to the number of its members, blackballing is a favourite sport. The entrance fee is £100. Cowes was very pleased to welcome the Vice-Commodore of the Royal Thames Yacht Club, Mr. J. S. Highfield, and also the Postmaster-General and his wife. The Hon. Mrs. Tryon is an aunt of the present Lord Swansea



## ENTERTAINMENTS à la CARTE

By  
ALAN BOTT



(TOP) ANTICIPATION. (BOTTOM) REALISATION:  
ALFRED DRAYTON, DOUGLAS PHILLIPS,  
ROBERTSON HARE

**A** BALD head is always useful in farce. It makes misfortune seem more preposterous; and it offers a ready-made laugh when the owner, needing an excuse to escape from some female occasion, says he is just popping off to see his hairdresser. Both the principals in *A Spot of Bother* have bald heads, which shine with pathos and glisten with comic glamour. Perhaps Robertson Hare and Alfred Drayton tossed up for the right to use that ripe old joke about the hairdresser. Anyway, it manages to obtain for Mr. Drayton the usual round of applause. So do the usual Spoonerisms, as decorated for delivery in Mr. Hare's prim but desperate manner. "Mrs. Watney, I ask for the niece of your hand" (laughter). "You will be Watney for this, Mrs. Sorry" (loud laughter). I should confess that I laughed at them as loudly as the next man and woman, though less willingly than I did later, when one baldhead hit an incoming visitor on the rump with a warming-pan, after the other baldhead had flung a Spanish shawl over the victim's torso. It is that kind of farce: the freshness of joke and situation matter less than the peculiarity of the people.



## Two Bald Buddies

Together, Hare and Drayton are twice as peculiar as either is by himself. Hare sheds part of his comic pathos in order to be part of a partnership between hearty buddies. On his own, I prefer him as the fearful little man who gets his trousers torn off in a conservatory or an opium-den; but when two of the middle-aged ba-hoys are gathered together for Strand farce, it is inevitable that both shall share a male, masonic jollity in their efforts to stand up to female tyranny.

You can assort your male grotesques as you like in farce—they can be vast and voluble or tiny and tittering, monocled young Woosters or leering old rips with purple complexions. The single, unvarying essential, it seems, is to have a big, strong-minded female before whom the mannikins will quail. In the new show at the Strand Theatre, Ruth Maitland has this stock rôle. Her Mrs. Watney is the right kind of large-chested dragon for breathing fire over a husband who is a good-fellow, and snobbish smoke over his insignificant friend who wants to marry the nice niece-with-a-fortune. I wish Miss Maitland everything she wants; but she does the tyrant so well that I was disappointed when she suffered no outrage: I should have liked her, also, to be biffed on the boko with the warming pan.

The baldheads are best when they hunt in couples; when, for instance, they back each other up in failing to beard the dragon in her domestic den (after the traditional rehearsal before a pile of plump cushions, stuck on the sofa in effigy of the big-bosomed monster). Divided, they lose part of their flavour; as when Hare, *sans* Drayton, is lured from golf-bunker into smugglers' inn. Or is it that violent action, which, in this kind of concoction, speaks louder than hackneyed words, is made to wait upon the reunion of the two buddies? Hare, *solus* amid dangers and inquisitions, has to make comic bricks with damp verbal straw ("Where did you come here from?" . . . "I thought you said why did you come here for?"). And there are worse lines than that.

But when one of the bald buddies has arrived to rescue the other, the balloon of absurd fury goes up and the fireworks of frantic action begin. They trot and canter up the stairs, down the stairs, into ladies' chambers, through secret passages, in and out of sliding panels. They are blown up and bumped down. They slosh and are sloshed. They race neck and neck in the Indignity Stakes. Does Hare's finger get stuck in the neck of a Jereboam bottle? Then Drayton's clothes must be torn to smithereens. When somebody threatens them with a cutlass, the menace is not merely to slice a hand from Hare or an ear from Drayton, but to stick them in the vitals (loud laughter). And when the females of their species arrive to impose decorum, it is so timed that aunty's husband shall be fearfully disguised as a policeman and the nice niece's suitor as a sort of woman. But nothing comes within comic miles of those blows with the warming-pan on rump and cranium, whereby shock cures the victim of a lunacy which is saner than the bedlam into which he has wandered (this cure being the only occasion when the slapstick wanders into wit).

I have no doubt that *A Spot of Bother* would make sad reading; but in production the thing manages to startle the crowd into laughing louder than it generally does at pieces with five times the amount of comic invention. Old jokes crop up again, and indifferent ones tread on their tails. Yet I have to record that the hilarity in front is frequent and spontaneous. Perhaps the reason is in the producer—Mr. Leslie Henson—who is a bit of a genius at squeezing laughter out of next to nothing. Or perhaps it is because Messrs. Hare and Drayton, in conjunction, are such very odd fish. Beyond Ruth Maitland, they are ably supported by Frank Royde, Douglas Phillips and Edie Martin.



PECULIAR PEOPLE:  
(FROM TOP) RUTH MAITLAND, ALFRED  
DRAYTON, PHYLLIS KONSTAM, EDIE  
MARTIN, FRANK ROYDE, ROBERTSON  
HARE, JEANNE STUART, STUART LATHAM



# Priscilla in Paris

creature's impertinence is one of those amazing things that have to be seen to be believed.

I will, therefore, try to get a snapshot of them licking the same coddle-iver-oil spoon for your edification. I'd like to be able to tell you that I am remaining in town for the sake of some very important social event, Très Cher (though you would hardly believe me at this time of the year, and you know, also, that social events lure me not!), but the 'orrid trufe is that 'tis on account of the damdog hisself that I am still here. The big International "Centrale Canine" dog show is happening next week, and we think—the tyke and I—that we ought to be there . . . especially as "our Miss Bruce" is coming over to judge some of the Scotch Terrier classes. My next letter—or, rather, that of the week after next, since I shall have to post-early-for-Bank-Holiday on Thursday, and the show opens on Friday—will be even doggier than this! Try to bear with me!

Mark ye, Très Cher, it's no hardship to be in town just now. First and foremost because of the greatly-bragged-of "new" flat; secondly, thirdly, and umptedly: Paris is pleasant throughout the summer. The countless visitors that seem to be flocking here will bear me out in this. The fact that the *Exposition* is plumb in the centre of the city may be very annoying to *nous autres* that live here and have to drive round it when we want to cross Paris, but the fact that the river meanders through it, and that the tree-lined avenues and quays have been respected, makes it very agreeable and not too, too dusty. The restaurants of the Bois de Boulogne and on the roof-tops in town are enchantingly cool, and you need not worry too much about the strikes. . . . They sound so much worse in the daily Press than they are

in reality, for, as I remarked last week, Parisians never allow their tum-tums to suffer. The only time that I was seriously incommoded by the heat was one evening last week, when we were bidden to the Théâtre Antoine to hear the "Young Comedians of 1937" render a French version of *Macbeth*. They did. And the rending left me hot in the collar of a collarless gown. I like my Three Witches to be eerie, and object to hearing their incantations uttered in stentorian tones. Lady Macbeth was played by a new young actress, Mlle. Dina German, who is very greatly in the manner of Ludmilla Pitoeff. Physically, she is tiny and dark, and she evidently sees Lady Macbeth as a vicious little vixen.

In the same programme (the spectator got his money's worth) was Jean Cocteau's *Œdipus*, after Sophocles, staged by the author (I quote the programme) and dressed by Chanel. The Cocteau clique was very much to the fore. White ties and bare backs. Mme. Bourdet, seated between a Faucigny-Lucinge and an Embericos; Mlle. Le Chevreil decked with roses; Missia Sert veiled with black; the Duchesse de Lévy-Mirepoix crowned with camellias . . . but Jean Cocteau, when he appeared before the curtain to "explain himself and his work," wore an amazing little brown suit that proved to be more in keeping with the *négligé* of Picasso's blue flannel shirt, Gide's grey suit, and Christian Bérard's "soft" collar. All very high-brow, Très Cher, and . . . slightly ridiculous. PRISCILLA.



A DANCER FROM RUSSIA: VERONICA

Veronica is Capella's new dancing partner, she comes from the land formerly called Muscovy. Her début in Paris was at the Empire early this year, and her success since then has been continuous and pronounced

TRÈS CHER.—Like "Little Miss Etticut in her white petticoat," I wake up o' mornings and cry "Lawk-a-mussy . . . this is none of I!" (or have I somewhat mixed my nursery rhymes?); so surprised am I to find that I am still in town! I think of my Farm-on-the-Island and I sigh "Oh-me-oh-my!" . . . but then Josephine comes in with the breakfast tray, throws open the shutters, and a branch of the glucine, richly laden with pale mauve blossoms, sways into the room, a friendly blackbird, some sparrows, and a pigeon or two flutter down and strut hopefully on the terrace outside my windows, and the garden below is so green and lovely that I find it easy to put up with the distant "honk-honk" of cars and motor-buses for a few days more. The "new" flat is already nearly a year old, and will be having its first anniversary in a few days. Thanks to the present labour conditions in France it is not quite "finished" yet, but it is—oh, *combien!*—very livable-in, and the terrace-overlooking-the-garden is a thing of pride and joy for ever. How the tyke revels in it, and his boy-friend too! The boy-friend being a four-months-old *chat de gouttière* with no claim to beauty or birth, but with all the charm of youth and a loving disposition. And 'tis said that Skyes have surly tempers! You ought to see how the young newcomer, who, as I have already suggested, does not know who his papa was, treats my pedigree pup. That the babe grimalkin should be a great deal above himself is not surprising, for that is the way of cats, but that my pup puts up with the



Photos: Star Presse

A FRENCH STAR OF THE FILMS: JOSETTE DAY

Josette Day is one of France's main contributions to the "talkies." She appeared with Betty Stockfield in Jacques Deval's famous film-play, "Club de Femmes." An American version of this play is now in process of production in Hollywood





LORD AND LADY DUNSFORD  
SUNNING AT THE LIDO



MRS. O'MALLEY-KEYES, MRS. WM. BURTON  
MRS. GUY CARLETON-PAGET AND (BEHIND)  
MR. GUY CARLETON-PAGET

## HOLIDAYING



AT THE LIDO: GLADYS SWARTHOUT  
AND HUSBAND, FREDERICK CHAPMAN

Many famous film stars have forgotten lately on the Excelsior beach at the Lido; one was Conrad Veidt, having a few weeks' holiday from the three English films he is making, and another was attractive Gladys Swarthout. The latter and her husband, who is to be the musical director of her new picture, are due back in Hollywood before very long. Prince and Princess Guy de Polignac went down to Capri from the French Riviera shortly after Prince Guy had won the Grand Prix at Monaco for outboard motor-boats.



MLLE. CONSTANCE DE MASIREVICH  
ON THE BEACH AT BRIONI



PRINCE AND PRINCESS GUY DE POLIGNAC  
DRIVING IN CAPRI



CONRAD VEIDT AND HIS WIFE  
AT THE LIDO



## MRS. WYNDHAM CLARK'S

## DÉBUTANTE DANCE



PRINCE EMANUEL GALITZINE AND  
MISS BARBARA DANIELL



MRS. W. F. PILCHER WITH THE  
HOSTESS, MRS. WYNDHAM CLARK



MISS MARY BUTLER-HENDERSON AND  
MR. ANTHONY GIBBS



MR. KENNETH MACKENZIE AND  
MISS BERYL JOHNSON



MISS ROHAYS BURNETT AND  
MR. JOHN SHARPE



MISS CATRIONA MACLEAN AND MR. AIDAN  
SPROT



LADY HUNTINGFIELD AND THE HON.  
MRS. MACLEAN OF ARDGOUR

The hostess of this dance is the wife of Mr. Wyndham Clark, J.P., D.L., a former Sheriff of Glamorgan, who was formerly in the Coldstream. The dance was given for her daughter, Juliet, who is a "Coronation" débutante. Miss Mary Butler-Henderson is the eldest daughter of Capt. the Hon. Eric Butler-Henderson, Lord Faringdon's uncle; her mother is Lord Clarina's sister. Mr. Kenneth Mackenzie's elder brother, Mr. John Mackenzie of Dolphinton, is married to Mrs. Wyndham Clark's elder daughter, Delia. Miss Rohays Burnett is an "ex-deb."; she is the daughter of Major-General Sir James Burnett, of Leys. The Hon. Mrs. Maclean is Lord Inverclyde's sister, the widow of the late Laird of Ardgour; her daughter, Miss Catriona Maclean, is seen with Mr. Aidan Sprot, the son of Major Mark Sprot, late of the Scots Greys, the Laird of Riddell. Lady Huntingfield is the former Miss Eleanor Crosby, of New York. Her husband, who used to be in the 13th Hussars, is now Governor of Victoria



MISS ALEX SEYMOUR AND  
MR. DOUGLAS PIRIE





## FAMOUS FORTS

These national defences have their modern counterpart in the stout walls and strongly-founded tread of the new DUNLOP Fort Tyres, built to hold the road, to protect life and limb, to safeguard comfort and to give the longest possible period of dependable service. Trust yourself and yours to the safe keeping of

## DOVER CASTLE

Like the coastal fortresses of Hastings, Pevensey, Scarborough and Orford, Dover Castle was built to safeguard England from attack by sea, at just those points where invasion was most likely to be attempted.

*The New* **DUNLOP**



**Fort**

C.F.H.





The  
Tigress  
Butterfly

*Papillia  
Wimblebor.ensis*



The  
Mayfair  
Butterfly.

*Papillia Splendens*

— J. MacDonald —



The  
Turf-cutter Moth  
— *Papillia Jotepogis*

A. K. Y.

SOME FAMILIAR S





## SUMMER BUTTERFLIES

By  
MACDONALD



CAPSTAN  
OMNIA  
VINCIT

# CAPSTAN SHANTIES XIX

I bought a parrot in Mozambique  
(*Rio, O Rio!*)  
She wouldn't swear and she wouldn't speak  
(*We're bound for the Rio Grande*).  
I bet the skipper a couple of quid  
I'd learn her to talk—and by cripes, I did.  
And these were the very first words I set her :  
' Better buy Capstan—they're blended better.'

Written by their  
Ballad-Monger-in-Ordinary  
and issued by  
**W. D. & H. O. Wills**  
MAKERS OF CAPSTAN CIGARETTES

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# ACTORS v. ORPHANS AT CRICKET



HAROLD WARRENDER, JOYCE CAREY, REX HARRISON, AND HUGH WAKEFIELD



MR. AND MRS. MORRIS HARVEY



ELIZABETH ALLEN, FRANK LAWTON,  
AND EVELYN LAYE



MR. AND MRS. DAVY BURNABY, THEIR FAMILY  
AND ALFRED DRAYTON

The theatrical profession is, possibly, the most kindly and charitable of all, and among their activities is included the Actors' Orphanage at Langley, Bucks. The above photographs were taken on the occasion of a recent cricket match, when the stage favourites seen above were in action with the bat or among the onlookers. A fine trio of veteran comedians were there in the persons of Alfred Drayton—whose hilarious partnership with Robertson Hare is still in fine fettle at the Strand, in "A Spot of Bother"—Davy Burnaby, of innumerable musical comedies, and Hugh Wakefield, the perfectly well-intentioned silly ass of stage and screen. Evelyn Laye is with Richard Tauber, in "Paganini," at the Streatham Hill Theatre, her husband, Frank Lawton, is seen with her. Morris Harvey, another of London's oldest favourites, was also there, and in genial mood, to judge by the picture. Elizabeth Allen is a star of Hollywood who is over here for a holiday. Rex Harrison is one of the people who get so many laughs in "French Without Tears": this play incidentally has been translated into French and transmogrified into what might be called "English Without Tears"!





THE RETIREMENT OF THE ISLE OF MAN'S LIEUTENANT GOVERNOR,  
H.E. SIR MONTAGUE BUTLER, K.C.S.I., C.B., C.I.E.

Sir Montague Butler, who recently retired from the post of Lieutenant Governor of the Isle of Man, has a very distinguished record in the Indian Civil Service, which he entered in 1896. Among numerous other appointments he has held those of Secretary to the Government of India, President of the Council of State and Governor of the Central Provinces. In the group are: Major J. W. Young (Chief Constable); Mr. B. E. Sargeant, Government Secretary; H.E. Sir Montague Butler; Lieut.-Commander A. J. Parkes, Aide-de-Camp to His Excellency; and Capt. A. H. Kissack, Sword Bearer

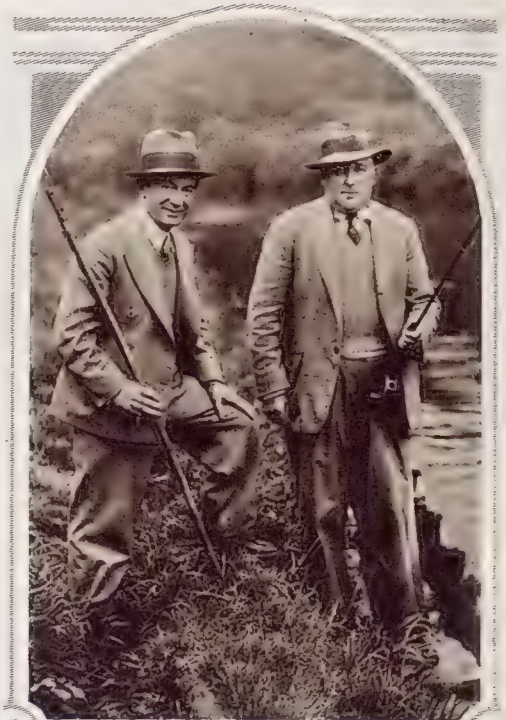
IN those immortal works, "A Tramp Abroad" and "The Innocents Abroad," Mark Twain devoted quite a lot of space to the Continental guide, and told us in particular about one of the breed who, after assuring the author that his English was irreproachable, said, "Do you wis sow haut can be?" meaning, "Do you want to climb the Matterhorn?" That man is not dead. I have just met him. He said, "Ich spreche your Enngleesh sehr dam gut!"; and he guaranteed himself to defeat even the German

German police are far more helpful, and most of them have a keen sense of humour if you have the wit to discover it.

It is quite unfair, however, to suggest that the Continental guide has a monopoly in fat-headedness, for his English confrère not only runs him close, but can gallop clean away from him without any trouble at all. I reproduce, practically verbatim, a contest I recently had with one of them—the matter at issue being the apparently simple one of getting from Flushing to Constance. His appreciation of the situation was like this: "Let me see, now (semi-colon)! Ee, but I think you got to goo into Switzerland before ye goo into Germany (comma) ye got to coom oot of Germany before ye goo into Switzerland—no, that's not it, don't 'urry me now; that's not quait right—what I mean is, you got to goo into Germany and oot again into Switzerland and coom oot again to get into Germany, ye see—or is it t'other way about? Ye see, there's two plaaaces, woon named *Basel* and t'other *Basle*, and woon's German and t'other's Swiss and

## Pictures in the Fire

and Swiss custodians at the frontiers who put you through a third-degree examination that would leave the toughest American "cop" standing still. The artist in question was completely useless, for I quickly found out that the English he knew was about as much as the snuff that would go on a sixpence. I know far more German than he knows English, and I do not need to pay anyone to say "Ja wohl?" or "Das ist nicht wahr!" for me. Half these coves are more out to get a lesson in English without paying for it than to be of any real service to the luckless voyager. The



Truman Howell

RACING MEN A-FISHING: STEVE DONOGHUE AND J. U. GASKELL

They were fishing on the Wye at Tintern in the morning before going on to Chepstow Races. Mr. Gaskell is the well-known Newmarket trainer; his Flavour ran third in the first race. A salmon is, of course, the only thing that Steve Donoghue would "hook up"



Paterson

A SEAGOING YACHTSWOMAN: MISS WINIFRED BROWN WITH  
MR. E. R. ADAMS

Miss Winifred Brown, who won the King's Cup Air Race in 1930, is the owner of "Perula." After a cruise from Wales to Ireland and up to the Caledonian Canal in bad weather, she and her fiancé, Mr. E. R. Adams, were on the point of leaving Inverness for Norway when the picture was taken



AT RANELAGH; H.I.H. ARCHDUKE FRANZ-JOSEPH OF HAPSBURG AND  
BARONESS MARTHA VON KAHLER

The Archduke is seen with Baroness von Kahler to whom he is engaged; they are to be married in September. He is a great-great-nephew of the Emperor Francis Joseph I.



# By "SABRETACHE"



BAIT-CASTING CHAMPIONS AT RANELAGH: CAPTAIN EDWARDS AND FL.-LT. G. GREENAWAY

Capt. Edwards was the winner of the Open half-ounce Bait Accuracy and Mr. Greenaway of the one-eighth-ounce Distance, Amateur and Open, with a new British record of 57 yards

ax-tually they're the same place, if you know what I mean, but if ye get into the wrong woon and want to get into the oother ye'll be in Germany or Switzerland according as it may be, wherever ye are at that moment, ye see! Well, it's either ye gan into Germany first or into Switzerland first, but just waate 'arf a minute while I goo ask Controller, like—I won't be long—you leave it *all* to me—I'll put it all straaight for ye and . . ."

If "Stainless Stephen" wants his long-lost brother back, I wish he would come and fetch him, because something bad is bound to happen to him ere long. Someone is certain to give him a nasty dunt on the head.

To have a blight like this chap put upon you when you are traversing that fairyland, the Rhine Valley, is more than mortal man ought to be asked to bear. "Stainless Stephen" minor is the thing to beware of if you visit the *Vaterland*—nothing else is peculiarly difficult. So long as you do as you are told you can do almost exactly

as you like, and the stories about your having to say "Heil Hitler" every other second, and even if you want to buy a 50-pfennig stamp, or a *schopen* of good Münchener beer, are all my eye.

The people, of course, are all devoted to the Führer, and they do not seem to mind being ridden right up to their bits all the time, as undoubtedly they are, but how long anyone, or anything, can stand this, I do not know. A horse would be done in a few furlongs if you tried it; but the Germans always have liked being dragooned, and I am certain that they would miss it if they were not. The *Verückte Engländer* meets with nothing but the utmost kindness and consideration from all hands, provided he



LA COUPE DE FRANCE GOES HOME

England has held the Coupe de France for ten years but it has now been regained for France by M. Fernand Rey's appropriately named "France." The defender was Mr. F. A. Richards' "Felma." In the picture are: Standing—Baron Phillippe de Rothschild (crew of "France"), Mr. F. A. Richards, and Mr. Rumbold and Mr. Rivett (of the Royal Thames Y.C.). Seated—M. H. Allard (crew of "France"), M. Fernand Rey, M. Jacques Pereire (Vice-President, Yacht Club de France), and Sir Francis Dent (R.T.Y.C.)

remembers that "manners makyth man"—three little words quite easy to learn off by heart. Some parts of the country look to be rather in need of a lick of paint, and the German railway engine almost makes one weep after seeing our own well-groomed and well-painted English ones. However, I dare say they do their job, and, as the Germans are a thrifty race, they won't give these ugly old puff-puffs anything in the way of spit and polish so long as they keep on keeping on.

(Continued on page ii)



LORDS AND COMMONS v. THE INTERNATIONAL CLUB

This match was played recently at Westhill, Highgate, a pleasant interlude in the weighty and wordy labours of Westminster. The above picture shows the team of legislators, hereditary and otherwise, who competed. The group includes: Capt. G. A. Westmacott, C. F. Simond, E. R. Avory, Lady Crosfield, Lord Aberdare, Capt. V. A. Cazalet, Lord Iliffe, Mr. Pethick-Lawrence and Miss T. Cazalet



MORE OCEAN VENTURERS: MR. AND MRS. CARLTON WALLACE

Mr. Carlton Wallace is a writer of thrillers, and the next thrill on his programme is the navigation of the "Bendilow," a 42-ft. Morecambe Bay prawner, to America. His wife and one man, picked from 30 volunteers, will make up the crew. They are seen at Dartmouth before leaving



## BUBBLE AND SQUEAK

The college Professor was lecturing on the distribution of the world population. He mentioned that only in the West Indies were males in excess of females.

"A happy state of affairs," he said playfully. "Not unlike the state which existed in this community of ours before women undergraduates were admitted."

At this point several women students, affecting to be offended, rose to leave the class.

"One moment, please, ladies," said the lecturer, "there is no occasion to go yet; the next boat for the West Indies doesn't leave for another week."

The small son of the house had been told that he must always wait patiently till he was served at meals, and not draw attention to himself.

One day he was dining out at a friend's house with his mother, and somehow he was accidentally overlooked. Nobody noticed, and for a time he was patient, but at last he could stand it no longer. Leaning across to his mother, he said in an audible whisper:

"Mother, do little boys who starve to death go to heaven?"

The vicar had tried all ways to stop one of his parishioners drinking himself to death. One day he said to the man, an enthusiastic dog-fancier:

"Did you know that giving a pup whisky stopped its growth?"

"Yes," replied the toper, "I tried it once."

"Oh, did you? What happened?"

"Pup died."

"Aha!" cried the vicar; "and wasn't that a lesson to you?"

"Aye," said the other, grimly, "it taught me never to waste good whisky on dogs!"

The Army Commander had been making an inspection of the front-line trenches on the right flank of the British line. To the last man in the trench he said:

"Private, I salute. You are the right-hand man of the right-hand platoon of the right-hand company of the right-hand battalion of the right-hand brigade of the right-hand division of the right-hand corps of the right-hand army of the British Expeditionary Force in France."

After the Commander-in-Chief had gone, the Tommy turned to his companions and said, "That was a bit of orlright, bein' saluted by a bloomin' General."

"Not so bloomin' orlright as you think," said the sergeant. "One of these fine days the British line will get the order to left-wheel, and you'll spend the rest of your bloomin' life at the double."

A small girl was taken during her school holidays to the Natural History Museum. When

she reached home her father asked her how she had enjoyed herself.

"Very much, daddy," said the child, "mummy took me to a dead circus."



FRANCES DAY AND JOHN MILLS IN "FLOODLIGHT"

"Floodlight," Beverley Nichols' revue at the Saville, is good in parts, a curate's egg to the life. One of the parts that is good is Frances Day's "Little White Room" number. John Mills is her partner in this

It had been a very festive evening, and when he got home he tried to open the door of his flat with his half-smoked cigar. He fumbled for several minutes, trying to insert the cigar into the keyhole. Then, grumbling softly, he staggered out into the road again. Outside he looked at the cigar in his hand, and a surprised expression came over his face.

"Why, I mus' be drunk," he mumbled. "I been smokin' my key all night!"

"What's the worry, old man?" asked a man, seeing a friend of his looking gloomily before him. The friend, an estate agent, told him that he had arranged to sell a man a loft building, a yard with dock, privileges, a factory site, and a summer garden, and to take in part payment a block of tenements, a small sub-division, an abandoned lime-kiln and a farm.

"He assumes a £4000 mortgage on the loft building," explained the agent, "and I take over a second mortgage on the sub-division."

"Yes, I see all that," replied the other, "but what is all the worry about?"

"Well, I want a pound in cash."



FROM "FLOODLIGHT": "SIR THOMAS BEETON IN THE KITCHEN"

Hermione Baddeley as The Cook and Cyril Wells as The Chef have a winner in this clever skit on the ballet in "Floodlight," and they make the most of it. Beverley Nichols is the writer and composer of this revue

Photos: Angus McBean





*'Why can't I sleep?'*

## *Summer Sleeplessness*

**D**O you find it difficult to sleep on a hot summer's night? Are you so conscious of the still, oppressive air, of your overheated body and frayed nerves that you toss and turn restlessly far into the small hours?

And yet it is very important to get long, peaceful sleep in Summer. There is so much more to do in these long, bright days, so many calls on your energy and vitality. Only in health-giving sleep can your body be restored to perfect fitness.

You can always be sure of enjoying sound, natural sleep if you drink a cup of delicious 'Ovaltine' just before you go to bed.

While you sleep, the nourishment which 'Ovaltine' so richly provides will build up your body, brain and nerves and give you abundant energy and vitality for the coming day.

'Ovaltine' possesses energy-restoring qualities which are unequalled. It stands without a rival for dispelling the fatigue of the day and restoring tired tissues during the night.

# *Ovaltine'*

## *The World's Best Night-cap*

*Prices in Great Britain and N. Ireland, 1/1, 1/10 and 3/3 per tin.*





WIFE REWARDS HUSBAND :  
THE RANELAGH INVITATION  
CUP FINAL

Lady Louis Mountbatten presented the Invitation Cup to her husband after the victory of Adsdean over Someries House in the final by 8-7 after an extra chukka. On the left is Lord Cowdray, who took the place of Mr. J. P. Robinson when the latter retired with an injury

THE Championship, the Coronation Cup, the Subaltern Cup and the 'Varsity match having ceased to be news, and being at this present moment domiciled (temporarily only) in Sud-Deutschland, where the main topic of sporting chatter is Schmeling and how all the other gladiators are doing their darndest to dodge him, I think the obvious thing to do is to train the gun on a real bit of good news, Sir H. de Beauvoir de Lisle's impending new book, *Fifty Years of Polo*, which Eyre and Spottiswoode will turn out, embellished with their customary spit and polish and illustrated by my young friend Maurice Tulloch, in good time for the polo season 1938. I know that it is going to be a good book, because I was greatly honoured by being asked to read the manuscript. It is the sort of book that everyone who has ever had anything to do with polo, either directly or indirectly, will devour, for the best of all possible reasons—namely, because it is written by a great seer, who has probably forgotten more about this game than anyone of this generation, or even the two which have preceded it, has ever known. *Polo in India*, General de Lisle's former book, was a good one; I think this new one is even better, and as the author is the possessor of an easy and fluent pen, it is bound to attract even the Modern who boasts that he has no time to read any book, and also no need to do so, because no one can teach him anything. This sort of cove may find that there is something to learn from *Fifty Years of Polo*, and I suggest that he will be wise to get a copy while he can.

Of course, no one cares a tinker's malediction about the history of any game that he may play in these times, but for the information of those who know everything, I think it may be as well to record that the polo science of to-day was originated by General de Lisle when he produced

## POLO NOTES : By "SERREFILE"

that astounding Durham Light Infantry team in way-back times, a team which not only won the Indian Inter-Regimental twice, knocking out all the opulent Cavalry, but laid out most things that came in its way; and the reason of it was that de Lisle put drill first, after having taught his pupils that it was the ball and not the turf that they had got to hit. If the man were not in the right spot he might just as well be at home—it was no good sending the ball to someone who was not where he should have been. In this new book the General refers to a polo team as forward, half-back, back, and goal-keeper, exactly as if it were a Soccer team, which is, I think, the right way to sort it out, since, fundamentally, this is correct, though polo being played on four legs instead of on two, and hence at a greater pace, an interchange of positions is permissible and necessary, where it would not be in Soccer. The Soccer goal-keeper, for instance, would never go off on a raid into the enemy's country all alone and leave one of his backs to look after the goal,

but in a polo game it is permissible, whilst at the same time being true that everyone stays in his place and only leaves it to cover up the man behind him. This is a part of what de Lisle taught. This new book is provided with many diagrams, which, I understand, are to be drawn a great deal better than they are in the manuscript copy I have seen, and they and the sage advice and explanation which reinforces them will be found of the utmost use, mainly because they are so simple, as all good diagrams should be. I am looking forward to the appearance of this book tremendously, and I believe that even America and Argentina will find it profitable reading.

\* \* \*

Among other forthcoming events in polo which must come into any diary, here is a real item of news

interest which I think everyone might put down in his notebook: this very good polo match which is going to be played on July 31st during the Tidworth Tattoo. It is to be on the first Saturday of the Tattoo on the Fisher ground at Tidworth, next door to the Tattoo ground, and you can get a car ticket for 5s., which includes four free seats at the match—drinks and eats obtainable on the ground. The names of the two teams are in themselves an attraction to everybody who has been following this game through the season, and I am much hoping that this, and some other things connected with military polo, will eventually result in a decision being arrived at to challenge the American Army for that Army Cup which we have succeeded in losing on the only two occasions upon which it has been played for. Here are the teams for this Tidworth match:—

*Tidworth.*

Capt. C. B. C. Harvey (10th Hussars),  
Lt.-Col. R. McCreery (12th Lancers),  
Mr. A. M. Horsburgh-Porter (12th Lancers),  
Capt. D. Dawnay (10th Hussars).

*Aldershot.*

Mr. H. Washington Hibbert (Bays),  
Capt. B. J. Fowler (R.H.A.),  
Lt.-Col. E. M. Fanshawe (Bays),  
Capt. H. P. Guinness (Greys).



THE QUEEN'S BAYS, WINNERS OF THE MILITARY HANDICAP  
CHALLENGE CUP

The Queen's Bays beat the Scots Greys to win the Military Challenge Cup at Roehampton by 9-1. Owing to some slip-up in the staff-work, two of the Scots Greys players' ponies were not sent from Aldershot and they had to play borrowed ponies—a very upsetting factor indeed





*"But you really must have your Tuborg, sir"*



**TUBORG - It's REAL LAGER**



## LAWN TENNIS : By "RABBIT"



Bassano

## MISS BETTY BATT

A promising young player who has shown great improvement in her game this summer, as the result of concentration and persistent practice. Surrey is Miss Betty Batt's home county

I WOULD like to start this week by congratulating Commander Hillyard and his wife on the celebrations that have accompanied the golden anniversary of their wedding. Without the Commander, Wimbledon would cease to be the institution it is, while, as for his wife, how much the present generation of players can learn from the stories of her prowess! There is an idea—a very mistaken idea, in my opinion—that the champions of the past would make a very poor showing against the champions of the present if, by some tampering with time, it were possible for every winner of the Wimbledon Singles to play each other when at the height of their own game. Of course, it would be foolish on my part to pretend I had ever seen Mrs. Hillyard in action. But I have read what Mr. Burrow has to say in his new book on the subject, and I believe that he is one of the few critics of the game who really know what they are talking about. And he has the highest opinion of Mrs. Hillyard. Incidentally, in his book he tells us something that is rather curious. In the course of winning the Championship at Wimbledon, not once, but six times, Mrs. Hillyard always wore gloves. I could not help wondering whether there was not a double significance in this act of sartorial elegance. Was it simply that she wore gloves to protect her hands from blisters, or to get a better grip on her racket? Who knows? Perhaps one of the reasons why her marriage with Commander Hillyard has been such an outstanding success, so that they are one of the most beloved couples in the tennis world, is that, all through her married life, she has gone on metaphorically wearing gloves

in all moments of stress, or when one of those crises occurs that inevitably do occur, even in the best-regulated marriages.

It was very sensible of her, if this was the case. For though modern tennis women can wear masculine shorts on the courts and get away with it, if their smashing and volleying is equally masculine, there is no doubt that in marriage itself it does not work out well when the woman insists on wearing the trousers. On one occasion, it is true, Mrs. Hillyard rebuked a sluggish partner in the Mixed by saying that she would give him ten yards start in a hundred and beat him. And beat him she did. While, on another occasion, when she was staying at Torquay, or it may have been Bournemouth, she took part in a mixed doubles in full evening dress, one night after dinner was over. But I record these incidents simply to show that those who take part each autumn in the Midnight Follies at Queen's in November, when the tournament of that name is annually held, have no cause to pat themselves on the back for being the first generation of players to bring high spirits and originality to the game.

In the same way, it always amuses me to hear young women who go from tournament to tournament throughout the summer, and find no difficulty in getting good partners for the mixed doubles, despite the hit-and-miss variety of their own game, talking in a gay and grand way about the volleying excursions of their contemporaries, as though no woman in first-class tennis ever went to the net before the last few years. The truth is, long before the war, Mrs. Sterry and Mrs. Lacombe volleyed their way to success on the Centre Court in a way that the modern girl can never hope to achieve so long as she considers that all you've got to do to volley is to rush wildly towards the net every time you hit a ball off the ground, and hope for the best.

Mrs. Hillyard must get a good laugh, too, when she watches the net antics of some of the modern tournament girls, whose chief concern seems to be, not whether they are going to win the point for their side, but whether, if the cameras ranged at the side of the court click, the result in print at their breakfast-table next morning will be a pleasant one. In short, there's far too much exhibitionism on court to-day and far too little concentration—that concentration which made Mrs. Lambert Chambers such a great champion, and to-day brings Mme. Mathieu to victory year after year, despite the much-boosted new stars put up against her.

Mme. Mathieu is a particularly interesting figure, to my mind, in the tennis world, because there's nothing modern about her game at all. She might just as easily have been at her height in the era of the great champions before the war. And yet it remains that there is hardly a player in the world to-day who can have any certainty of defeating her, despite the fact that her volleys are few and far between in a single, while even in a double, if a crisis occurs in the fortunes of her side, the first thing that her partner does is to bring her away from the net back to the base, which she defends with such indefatigable shrewdness. All of which goes to prove my point, that the modern game, as it is called, has really advanced very little, as far as the distaff side is concerned, in the course of the last thirty years. And young women Wimbledon aspirants should realise the great tennis truth, that what is important in tennis is not to strike pretty attitudes, not to bring off one spectacular volley at the cost of half-a-dozen unprofitable sorties to the net, but first and last to get the ball in play and keep it in play.

That is where Mme. Mathieu has shown herself to be such a shrewd mathematician.

Long ago she realised that if you can be more or less certain of getting every return of service back in the court, your chances of leaving the court a winner will be very promising. Watch her in a match to-day. It does not matter whether she is playing a "rabbit" in the first round of a provincial tournament or playing Mme. Sperling, the only player to defeat her on the Continent during the last two years, and

(Continued on page x)



## U.S.A. v. GERMANY

"Bitsy" Grant and Baron Gottfried von Cramm going on to the Centre Court at Wimbledon to play the opening match in the Davis Cup Inter-Zone final. Though von Cramm didn't deal quite so murderously with Grant as Donald Budge did with H. Henkel, the never-say-die little American was well and truly beaten in three straight sets. The victory of Budge and Mako the following day put America in the lead, Henkel levelled matters, and then Budge's defeat of Von Cramm, 6-8, 5-7, 6-4, 6-2, 8-6, in a positively heroic contest, settled who were to be Great Britain's challengers





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**THAT HAVE BROUGHT BOOTH'S GIN**

**TO MATURITY**



Let the long shadows that remind you of long drinks remind you too of Booth's. For it is in the solitude of cool cellars that Booth's grows slowly old and round and mellow. Who cares what fills the glass so long as Booth's comes first!

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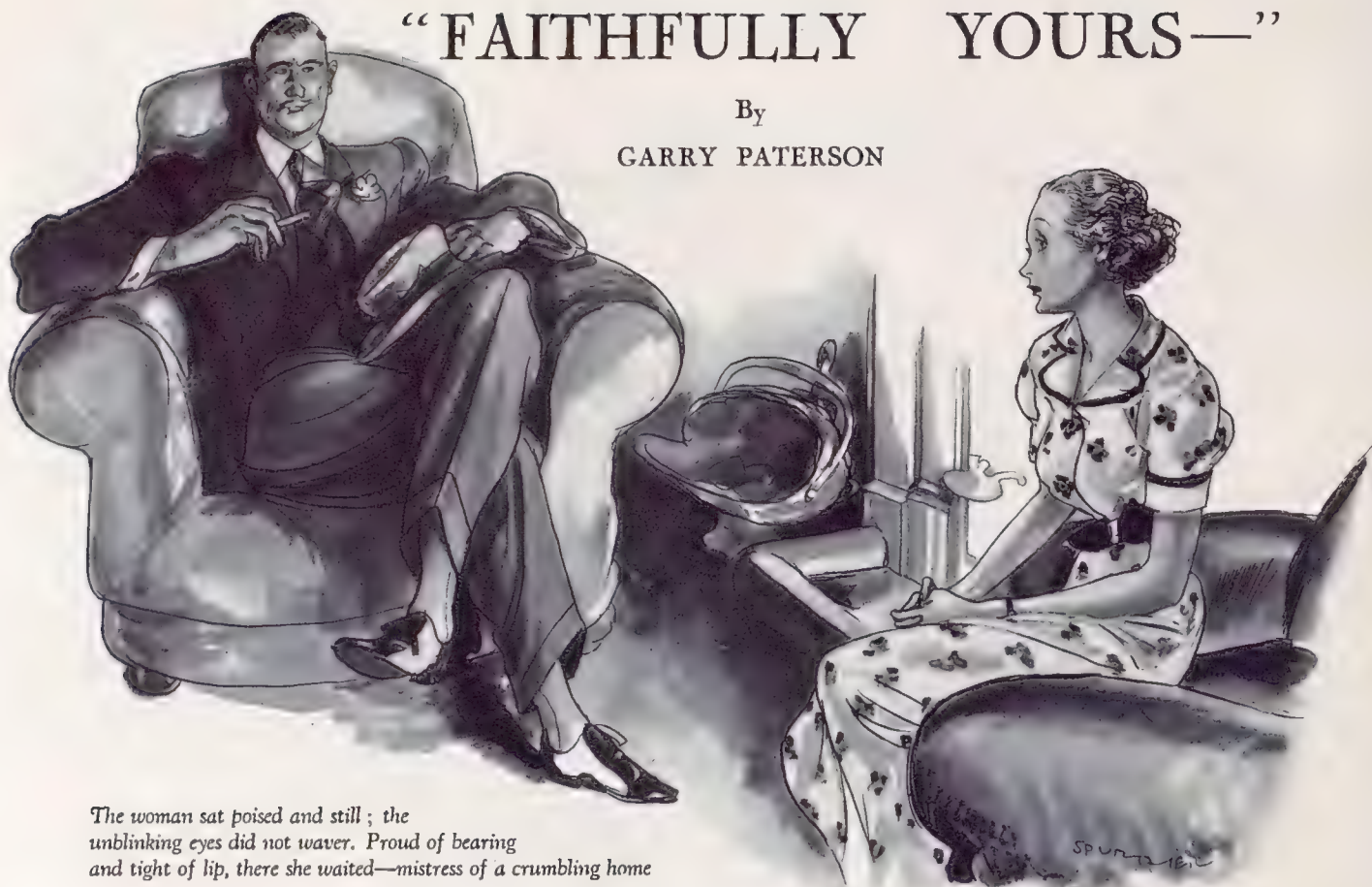
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# "FAITHFULLY YOURS—"

By

GARRY PATERSON



*The woman sat poised and still; the unblinking eyes did not waver. Proud of bearing and tight of lip, there she waited—mistress of a crumbling home*

THE tall visitor languidly flicked his ash in the fire-place. "Really, Mrs. Martin, it is most unfortunate—and you have my deepest sympathy—but the price is just one thousand pounds."

Sylvia Martin bit her lip and closed her anguished, shadowy eyes. Her hands lay folded in her lap, and the knuckles were white, like her face. No sound was heard but the ticking clock as the seconds slowly passed.

"It's a pity, a great pity," the voice drawled on, "that letters that might—you'll notice that I say 'might'—be misconstrued by one's husband, should turn out to be so highly unprofitable, and yet, at the same time be the reverse—to others. It is equally unfortunate, for you, I mean, that the letters that left you in such a—a—dare I say flame of passion?—were not on arrival at their destination consigned to another less romantic, but equally destructive, flame. Really, I'm very sorry for you. Cigarette?"

Through her smarting eyes she saw the blurred figure reclining in George's chair. She could see the cynical smile on the dim features, but not the shrewd, cold look in the eyes.

"Where did you get them?" she heard herself say.

"Ah! That is a matter which concerns only me. What concerns you is that I have them—not on me, of course. That would be foolish, and not at all like me. Sure you won't have one?"

The woman sat poised and still; the unblinking eyes did not waver. Proud of bearing and tight of lip, there she waited—mistress of a crumbling home.

"No? Then you won't mind if I have another. I find they help me to concentrate. By the way, I do hope that, because I say I have not the letters to produce here and now, you will not be encouraged in the belief that they do not exist. That would be silly, and, of course, unkind to me."

A chromium lighter clicked into action, and a scented cloud wafted its way to the ceiling.

"I think, if you will allow me to congratulate you on an aptitude for a well-turned phrase, and to mention that there is one in particular in a letter written from Oxford, that itself alone is cheap at the price, that should effectively dispose of any doubts there may be, don't you think?"

The deep, mellow tones of the clock in the hall told them it was four o'clock.

"Dear me! I had no idea it was so late. I should hate to meet Mr. Martin—that is, unless I am forced to. What

was I saying? Oh, yes, about Oxford, of course. It is a letter written in the month of June—such a compromising month, June—to somebody whom your husband may or may not know, but were he to read it he would certainly know that you found more to amuse you in that fair town than spires, groups, and automobiles. Let me see, how did part of it go? Oh, yes. Perhaps you will tell me if it is a product of my imagination if I quote the passage that starts: 'The heaven I found in your arms—'

"Stop—for God's sake stop!"

"I thought I wasn't mistaken." The visitor picked his hat from his lap and rose. "I won't stop for tea, if you don't mind; I must be getting along. Er—I did mention the price, didn't I? Yes, of course I did. Well, good-bye, Mrs. Martin—and shall we say Thursday?"

Sylvia heard the front door close and the feet recede down the path. There was nothing to do but cry—so she did. After a while she dried her eyes, blew her nose, and pitifully pulled herself together. She added another lump to the fire and gazed at the flames. A thousand pounds! Poor George, he hadn't got all that. Not to pay out for her. Oh, how was she to tell him. George, who had always loved and adored her; given her this and given her that; given his all to build up this home.

She couldn't help what had happened in the past. At the time it had all been so sudden, so wonderful, so completely transcending any happiness she had known, that the world seemed too small a place in which to live and to love. But that was the past. Another life it seemed—hundreds and hundreds of years ago. But now the past was the present—and maybe the future. At any rate, it was here now to mock her and taunt her and to fly into corners, to peep out and grimace, and retire in its whispering den. What would George say? Poor George!

Sylvia put her hand to her head and tried to cool her whirling brow, and, going to her bag on the table, soothed herself with the allaying scent.

She stood by the window and looked out at the little trim garden with its flowers and bushes and roses that George tended with such good husbandry. There's that Mrs. Blackton's cat on the bed again. "Shoo—shoo—go away!" Sylvia rapped on the pane. Filthy little thing! One thousand pounds! How could George possibly—it wasn't fair—it wasn't fair after all this time. She could take her

(Continued on page 182)



# Moods and preferences



No assembly of individuals is unanimous in a choice of diversion. This is precisely why so many passengers of varying type and taste are unanimous, at least, in their preference for these famous ocean fliers. Whatever the mood, the pastime is there. You can turn to tennis, target shooting, the theatre, or wherever fancy leads. You can indulge an urge to shop. You can even make merry in an exclusive night club, a famous rendezvous for those who like to hit the high spots on the high seas. If you prefer quiet, then here are the unique peace and resiffulness of an ocean voyage attended by Mayfair luxury on a ship built for smooth, effortless speed.

## EUROPA BREMEN

THE PASSWORD TO SOPHISTICATED TRAVEL "NORDDEUTSCHER LLOYD"  
NEW YORK: CONTINENT: FAR EAST: 11a, REGENT ST., LONDON, S.W.1 (WHITEHALL 6344) AND TRAVEL AGENCIES



**"FAITHFULLY YOURS—" (Continued from page 180)**

punishment, she could and she would. But not George. He had just finished paying for the house—their house—and she wouldn't allow him to start all over again. Not because of her. Her George. She remembered the day he proposed—so shy, so bashful, so hesitating. They were having tea and going on to the theatre. She had seen he was pale and noticed his conversation was a trifle incoherent, but other than thinking he had an attack of indigestion had thought no more about it.

Her surprise had been greater than his when they both found he was proposing. She hadn't banked on this for another fortnight at least—not at his usual rate of progress. "There's that Mrs. Cox, now, talking to the postman again. What that woman finds to talk about all the time I can't imagine. Oh, she is going to finish, then." Poor George, of course, had been hot and bothered, and she—well, her heart had fluttered and pitted and patted and made her say "yes." She had been—and still was—terribly fond of and in love with George. He had nearly been taken to the manager's office because he omitted to pay the bill as they left. Such is love.

How happy they had been, how happy they were. The years had flown. Wedding, honeymoon, love-nest of a flat, the first bicker, holidays, the first row, the great upheaval when they moved into this house and George started in business on his own, more rows and kisses—and now this.

Sylvia turned from the window and looked at herself in the mirror over the fire. She was still beautiful, in spite of the drawn look about her features. She caressed a straying wisp into place and patted her hair to perfection. She sighed—and went and made herself a strong cup of tea. Which is what any woman would do.

She wandered about the house, busily doing nothing. Everything seemed so futile. If she sat she wanted to stand; if she walked about the place she heard whispers behind her; if she tried to work her hands shook and she wanted to sit.

Would George ever come? She would have to tell him. She tried to think how to start, but her thoughts just babbled and burbled and flowed into space. Would he understand? She knew of the soft, sensitive nature with which he was endowed, of his great love and affection. Would it rise superior to this—this mountainous obstacle? This one little slip of the past?

Slowly, and with difficulty, yes, and with tears too, she laid the table for their evening meal. To-night George would be in at six, and at five minutes to he walked in.

"Hullo, lady! How's it been?"

She heard his cheery voice from out on the mat, and, leaving the steaming fish, went to greet him. He clasped her close as he always did and swung her off the floor. He was always so deliriously loving.

"Hullo, darling; here I am, with you all smelling beautiful and something in the kitchen too. Lucky me." He kissed her again and put her down. "Anything the matter, dear?"

Sylvia shook her head and smiled. "No, dear, just a bit of a headache, that's all." She would let him have his meal first.

"Oh, you poor darling. Thought you looked a bit pale. Had any aspirin?"

George was hungry and made a good meal, and bravely Sylvia tried to second, but only the spirit was willing. George talked of the office and the news, of the people across the way, and the new season he must get to-morrow. Sylvia just looked.

Together they cleared away and washed up, and George went away to change his shoes and to light up his pipe. Soon he would be in his chair.

Sylvia wanted to rush down the garden and cry out her misery. That such happiness with George should be hers, and then taken away. But she must be brave, she must own up and have it out with George, and break the power of that awful man—even if hearts were broken too. She went in to George.

He was lazing deep in his chair, feet sprawled and pipe blowing. He looked up.

"Come on, darling; come and have a warm."

Sylvia sat in the opposite chair, looked at her man, and then into the fire.

"What's the matter with you?" said George.

"George," she began, "there's something I want to say to you."

"Well, here I am."

"George, it's rather a nasty business, I'm afraid. So I'm going to get it over as quick as possible. It's going to be rather a shock."

"What do you mean?" George took out his pipe and sat up in his chair.

"I mean this—someone came here this afternoon, George, about some letters."

"Letters? What letters?"

"Letters that should never have been written, George."

"Came here, you say?"

"To see me, George. Blackmail was threatened."

"Blackmail?" George stood up amazed.

"Yes—or the letters will be shown up."

George gazed at his wife for a moment, his eyes wide and his face working. His voice rose to a shout.

"But, dammit, she can't do that! She can't do that—I paid her. I paid her last month, I tell you! I paid her!"

THE END.



Sasha

**THE FUTURE COUNTESS OF JERSEY**

Virginia Cherrill, the exceedingly pretty American film star whose engagement to Lord Jersey was headline news last week. Born in Illinois, and formerly the wife of Cary Grant, the actor, Miss Cherrill was Charlie Chaplin's leading lady in "City Lights," making a great hit as the blind flower-girl. Lord Jersey, ninth of his line, is aged twenty-seven, owner of Osterley Park, and a banker by profession. His divorce was made absolute quite recently.



OH!!

You nearly dropped it—

her

priceless

Sèvres! . . .



how relieved

you feel

as

you see it

safely

replaced . . .



and

how thankful

you are

for

a cigarette

after

that awful moment!

this is an advertisement depicting yet another occasion when Player's Cigarettes are welcome.



# AIR EDDIES : By OLIVER STEWART

## Ballets Russes.

SOME say that the tremendous polar peregrination of the Russian airmen, Gromoff, Jumasheff and Danilin, who flew non-stop from Moscow to San Jacinto, a distance of 10,780 kilometres, was a fake; that it was a form of Russian ballyhoo. But that view will not stand examination. It is clear that the flight was made fairly and according to the rules, and that there were no secret intermediate stops at polar re-fuelling stations. Consequently the Russians acquire the world's non-stop distance record by a big margin and beat the fine achievement of the French airmen, Codos and Rossi, in 1933. Now, consideration of the Russian aeroplane, the A.N.T.25, reveals a large number of things of the greatest interest and also shows how exceedingly advanced technically the U.S.S.R. now is.

This aeroplane is a low-wing monoplane of enormous aspect-ratio. The figure of thirteen to one has been given me, which means that for every foot of wing chord, or measurement from leading edge to trailing edge, there are thirteen feet of wing span. I believe the highest aspect-ratio obtained in any British machine is nine to one, which is the approximate figure for the Vickers Wellesley. The ordinary British machine has an aspect-ratio of about five or six to one. Sailplanes have enormous aspect-ratios, and in this the Russian long-range machine resembles them, and there is good reason to believe that this feature enables the machine to get off with and carry its big starting load of fuel. Mr. B. N. Wallis has often pointed out the advantages of high aspect-ratio and his Wellesley demonstrates them.

## Construction.

BUT the Wellesley is of geodetic construction which is specially suited to high aspect-ratios, the A.N.T.25 is not. At present it is a mystery how the Russian engineers managed to build a machine of such a high aspect-ratio by ordinary constructional methods and yet to give it adequate strength. In this matter I had believed that we in this country enjoyed a special advantage in the geodetic construction. But it now appears that there are other ways of arriving at the same result.

There is another thing about the Russian long-range machine. Its fuel tanks actually form the contours of the wing. Consequently



THE CAMBRIDGE AIR SQUADRON  
IN CAMP

The Cambridge University Air Squadron are in camp at Shippon Aerodrome, Abingdon, which is the headquarters of the Oxford University Squadron. In the picture are: Wing-Commander C. E. W. Lockyer (Chief Instructor, C.U.A.S.), Mr. R. G. K. Thompson, Mr. R. M. Lloyd, and the Hon. David Coke



a saving in weight is effected in that no additional fuel-tank sides are required. This method is being used already in America, but it has not yet made its way over here. One more point about the Russian machine. It is "all-electric." The undercarriage is retracted electrically, and there are various other operations which are done in the same way. So we may sum up the more striking features of this remarkable machine by saying that it has, first, an enormous aspect-ratio; second, fuel tanks forming the wings; and third, electrical operation of components.

## Atlantic.

THAT was a gracious tribute paid to the Russians by Captain Harold Gray of the American flying-boat "Clipper III." He said that the Russian flight made his own efforts across the Atlantic pale into insignificance. Actually the two things are not comparable. It is true that the Russian feat is technically a genuine masterpiece. But so, in a different way, are the two double-crossings of the Atlantic Ocean by commercial-type flying-boats. The next experimental double-crossing is to take place, according to the present programme, to-morrow, the 29th. After that three or four more crossings will

## ALSO AT ABINGDON WITH THE C.U.A.S.

Two of the "headerangs" (if such a term can be applied to aerial navigation!) at Abingdon with the Cambridge Squadron. They are: Squadron Leader C. H. Appleton and Squadron Leader N. W. F. Mason, the latter being Chief Flying Instructor

be made by flying-boat.

Then will come the time when alternative methods of doing the journey will have to be tried. There will be the crossing with the Albatross landplane; the use of re-fuelling in the air and, some time next year if all goes well, a transatlantic flight of the upper component of the Mayo Composite aircraft. Catapult or accelerator launching has also been suggested; but it is now less in favour than it used to be. Meanwhile the Americans will be getting their new and much bigger flying-boats into shape and these will do the Atlantic crossings next summer. The only thing we do not seem to be trying is high flying. Yet high flying is a promising method. A landplane, with pressure cabin, capable of cruising at 25,000 ft., may well provide the eventual

(Continued on page 188)



A COUNCIL OF THE ELEMENTS: CHIEFS OF THE RECENT MANOEUVRES

The South Coast of England was recently heavily attacked—for the while it was acting as "Blue-land"—and the attack was resisted with horse, foot, guns, war-boats and wings. In this photograph are shown the defending commanders conferring at Lee-on-Solent. They are: Left to right—General Sir John T. Burnett-Stuart, G.O.C.-in-C., Southern Command; Admiral the Earl of Cork and Orrery, Commander-in-Chief, Portsmouth, and Air Marshal P. B. Joubert de la Ferte, Air Officer Commander-in-Chief, Coastal Command



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*in every gallon'*



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#### THE OFFICERS, THE 98th (SURREY AND SUSSEX YEOMANRY, QUEEN MARY'S) FIELD BRIGADE R.A.

The above photograph was taken at the annual camp of the Brigade in Arundel Park. Lt.-Colonel Ralph Stephenson Clarke is to retire from command this year: a member of a family very well-known in Sussex, he is Member for the East Grinstead Division in the House of Commons. A picture of his father, Col. Stephenson Clarke, as President of the Isle of Wight Agricultural Show is on page 160. The names in the group are: Back row, left to right—2nd Lt. J. L. Hislop, Lt. P. McC. Greenwell, Lt. S. S. Demetriadi, Lt. the Viscount Cowdray, Lt. G. M. Raikes, 2nd Lt. J. A. F. Baxendale, Lt. Hon. F. A. Stewart Mackenzie, Lt. D. K. Price, Lt. F. E. Y. Bevan, Lt. N. R. Grimston, Lt. M. E. Barclay, 2nd Lt. Hon. R. R. Blades, 2nd Lt. Sir Giles Loder, Bt. Front row, left to right—Lt. J. Goring, Capt. R. E. Barclay, Major J. Ellice, Major H. T. W. Clements, Major (Bt.-Lt.-Col.) G. A. Ledingham, M.C., T.D., Lt.-Colonel R. S. Clarke, T.D., M.P., D.L. (Commanding Brigade), Captain G. H. Burgess, R.A. (Adjutant), Major Hon. A. E. Cubitt, Captain W. R. Burrell, Captain C. R. Egerton, Captain S. J. Lawrence

It's 1938.

**R**ING out the old, ring in the new. It sounds difficult in July, I know, but motor-car makers manage to do it to some purpose. "A" stands for Austin, and at the Longbridge works at Birmingham the other day Lord Austin consolidated his alphabetically premier position by announcing his new models. He told us about the cars upon which some 20,000 workers in the immense Austin factory, which stands on a site of 220 acres and has a road frontage of over a mile, will concentrate. What do we expect from this company? Not startling novelties; not wild experiments; not the bizarre, or even the extraordinary: we expect strictly orthodox but up-to-date designs, well made, of good materials, at prices as low as scientific production planning can get them. As a matter of fact, that slogan about "investing" in an Austin is an exceptionally clever one, because it sums up, without the overstatement which spoils so many otherwise good advertisements, the essential qualities of this make of car. One has only to study used-car prices to know that it is true.

Many points of interest were disclosed by Lord Austin, but I suppose attention will mainly focus on the "Big Seven." This is a four-door saloon with all-steel bodywork. The engine is entirely new. It is a four-cylinder, with a capacity of 900 c.c., and a rating of 7.992 h.p. It is stated by the makers to give 25 brake horse-power at 4000 r.p.m. The brakes of the "Big Seven" are Girling, and the wheels are of the pressed-steel type. The engine is flexibly mounted on rubber at three points. This car is priced at £155 for the fixed-head saloon, and £160 for the sliding-head saloon.

#### The Larger Models.

The ordinary "Seven" is, of course, continued at prices ranging from £112 to £135, and the larger models are the "Ten," "Twelve,"

## PETROL VAPOUR

By JOHN OLIVER

can take seven people. It supersedes the "York" saloon, and the seating has been ingeniously adjusted so as to make the best use of a well-forward engine position. The wheel-base is 10 ft. 3 in., and attention has been paid to allowing easy getting in and out, the doors measuring at least 31 in. wide.

The six-cylinder engine of the "Eighteen" is of 2510 c.c. capacity, and it has a detachable head and side valves. The pistons are in aluminium alloy, and ignition is by coil. This car also has the Girling brakes. The hand-lever is mounted under the scuttle, so that it gets in the way as little as possible. I am glad to note that these Austin cars are fitted with batteries with adequate capacity. The "Eighteen," for instance, has a 60-ampère-hour battery, and the "Ten" has a 50-ampère-hour. Both of these cars have 12-volt electrical equipment. The two "Sevens" have 6-volt equipment.

#### Skilled Labour.

Lord Austin drew my attention to the reasons for the price increase. This is mainly the result of the increased prices of materials, including steel, and is inevitable if the quality is to be maintained at the same standard. As Lord Austin said, a lowering of quality with his cars was "unthinkable," so the prices had to go up. Another difficulty was the shortage of skilled and semi-skilled labour. This shortage is being felt more and more keenly by motor manufacturers, and it may well be that it is the outcome of a mistaken educational policy. I detect everywhere the view—a very shallow view—that a person who sits in an office and thumps a typewriter is for some inscrutable reason "higher" than one who works with his hands

(Continued on page 188)



Truman Howell

#### AT MONMOUTH CONSERVATIVE FÊTE: MAJOR J. A. HERBERT, M.P., AND LORD LLOYD

Major Herbert is the Member for Monmouth and is seen here at a party festivity in his constituency. He was formerly in the Blues. Lord Lloyd, a very distinguished Colonial administrator, is also a staunch pillar of the Conservative party



# This England . . .



*from St. Catherine's Hill, nr. Winchester*

EVERY landscape, however casual in its arrangement, is dear to the heart of someone. To him a familiar group of trees upon the skyline spells "home" as surely as some casual (and usually more unfortunate) arrangement of brick and tile. There is a feeling of permanence therein that links the short span of youth and manhood to the greater permanence of his race. We all feel it—that is why another man's England is sympathetic to us also. This instinctive feeling comes out oddly here and there . . . it is instinctively that you like Worthington rather than by what you are told of it, because it is a beer brewed in a very old way and part, therefore, of the permanence of this England.





**Petrol Vapour**—continued from p. 186

It is a pernicious doctrine. It leads, for instance, to the debasement of the agricultural worker upon whom, in the last resort, everything depends. It leads to people refusing to use their hands and turning themselves into mere desk-watchers.

It was therefore very satisfactory to hear Lord Austin pouring scorn on a system of education which turns out nothing else but clerks. They may be good clerks; but we do also want skilled handicraftsmen. There is no doubt that there is gross misdirection of education; I trust that Lord Austin's warning will have some effect.

\* \* \*

**Good Figures.**

Again a masterpiece from the statistical department of the Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders: their book "The Motor Industry of Great Britain, 1937." I cannot conceal my admiration for those beings who can dominate, juggle with, shuffle, manipulate, order, adjust, and generally man-handle figures. For myself, I do not mind admitting that I am henpecked by figures. They nag at me. I try to consider a pleasant motoring tour in the country, but figures keep on butting in. Gross receipts for classes of vehicles; taxation in Great Britain and Northern Ireland; summary of vehicles in use; tables of vehicles used by classes and counties; population per vehicle; sales of new vehicles; exports; imports; consumption of motor spirit and oil; and so on. Reams and reams of figures. For me these tables and statistics are nothing but naggers; but not for the mathematicians and magicians of the S.M.M.T., who will reduce them to order in a short time and present them clearly for all to see and understand—even me.

Let me open this five bob's worth of concentrated information at random and give you a figure or two. Page 96: "We arrive at a figure of 8.2 years as the average life of a private car, and 7.84 as the average life of a goods vehicle." Page 131: "International Comparison of Private Car Taxation on 8,000 and 12,000 miles per annum" where it appears that the British motorist is not only the most highly taxed in the world, but *by far* the most highly taxed. A 12 h.p. car doing 12,000 miles a year with a new price of £210 costs him no less than £30.05 a year in taxes. Page 133: "World Registrations of Motor Vehicles" where the total figure for private cars and taxis in 1936 is given as 32,860,746. Of this total 3,957,613 private cars and taxis are in the British Empire.

May I add that they were all of them on the road I was on last Saturday?

**Air Eddies**—continued from p. 184

complete solution to the problems of an Atlantic air service. Meanwhile, the experiments of the flying boats are to be highly commended.

\* \* \*

**Soaring.**

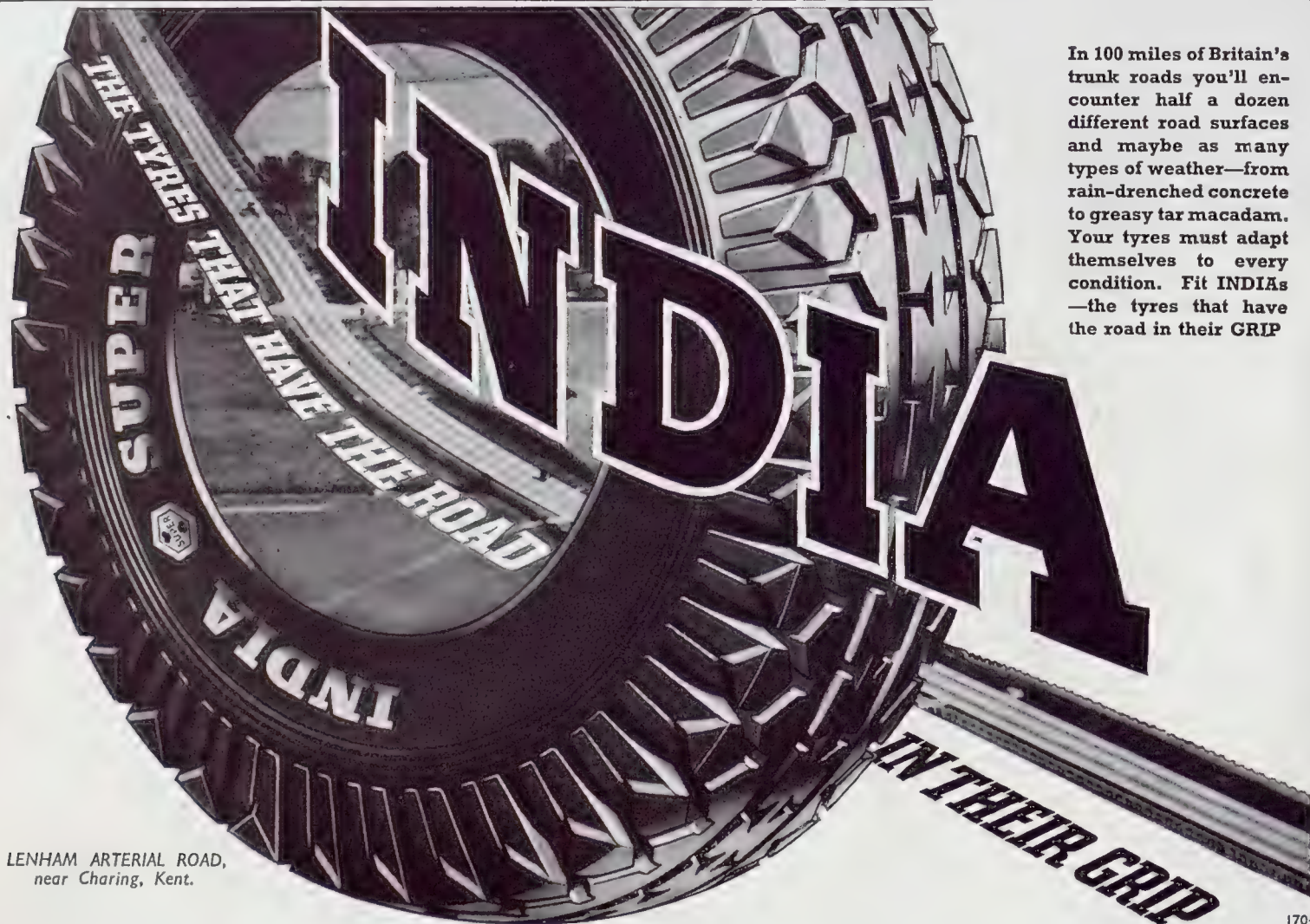
Really good work was done by the British contingent which went out for the international soaring competition at the Wasserkuppe in Germany. With very little help from anybody, the members of this contingent got out there with their British-designed and built sailplanes and performed with marked success. Flight-Lieut. P. M. Watt's soaring flight to over 3,130 metres attracted a lot of attention and then there was the record set up by Flight-Lieut. W. B. Murray and Mr. J. S. Fox in a two-seater sailplane. They stayed up for 9 hours 48 minutes—nearly three hours more than the previous record.

The British sailplanes, designed by Squadron-Leader G. M. Buxton, performed very well indeed. Actually, I believe the Germans were so well impressed that a party of them is arranging to come over and visit the London club at Dunstable at some future date.

\* \* \*

**That Ghost 'Plane.**

Seeing things is obviously catching. No sooner was it noised abroad that a mysterious aeroplane had visited Hendon aerodrome by night and flown round it at a low altitude, than people began to report having seen aeroplanes low flying in hundreds of other parts of the country. Now there is nothing the Englishman likes better than stopping somebody doing something he does not do himself. I can think of hundreds of activities going on in London which to me are far more reprehensible than any kind of low flying by night or day. But they are crowd activities, so nobody can have anything done about them. Leaving litter, for instance, is a far more marked characteristic of the English crowd than the much boasted and much boosted good temper. Throwing matches and cigarettes in country where they can start bush and forest fires is also essentially an English custom so popular that nobody can say or do much about it. But let some individual pilot do a night flight a little lower than usual, and every colonel in the country is instantly apoplectic; politicians are bursting with questions; the general public is playing amateur detective; the police and the Air Ministry are on the look-out and the hunt is on. No doubt about it, hitting the small man, the individual, the animal, or anything else that cannot hit back, is one of our less amiable national characteristics.

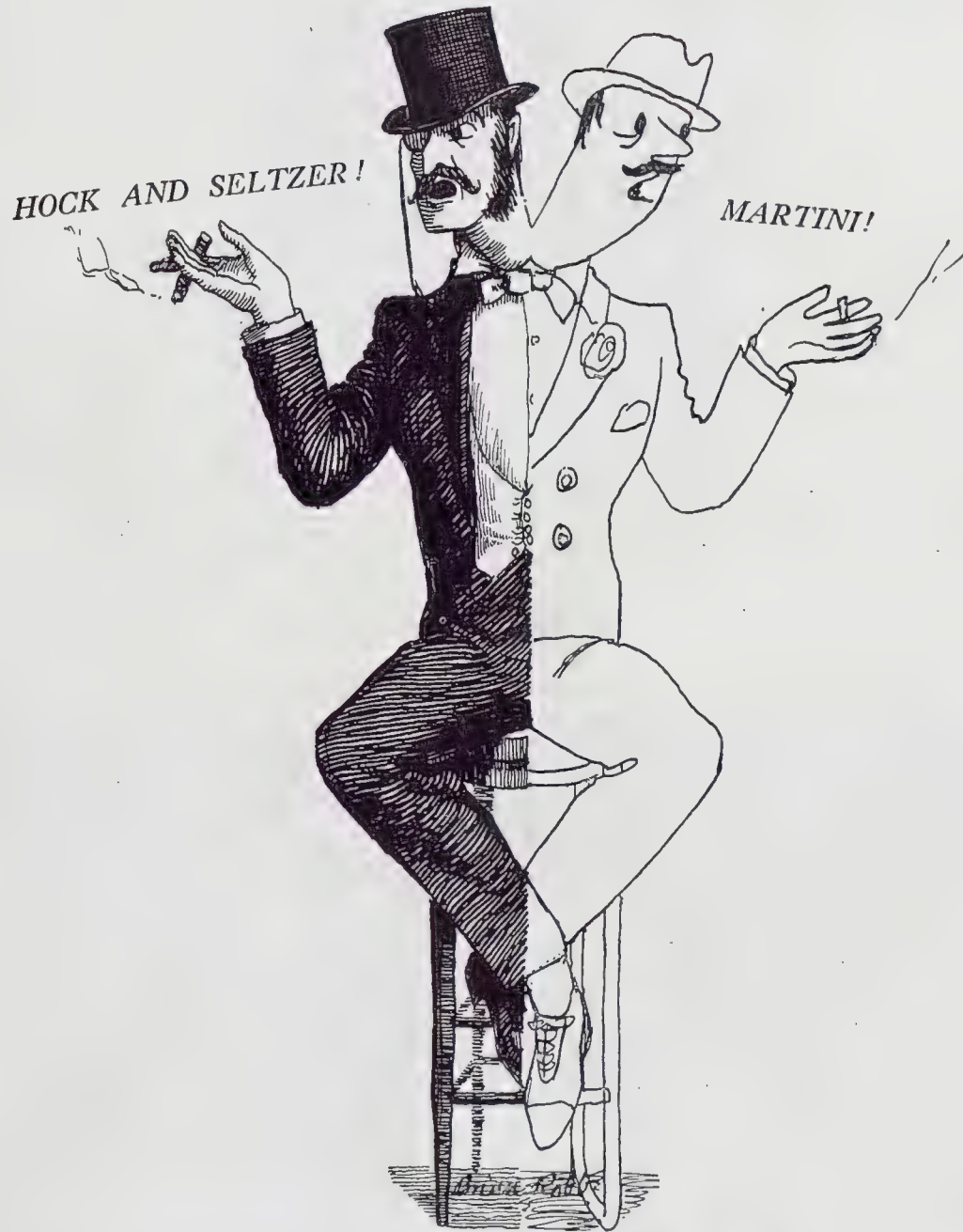


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# *Times change—so does Shell*



Different means are used to produce the same end. Modern cars need different ingredients from those used in the early days of motoring. And yet, as thirty years ago Shell was considered the best and most up-to-date motor spirit, so to-day it still has this reputation by reason of the constant changes that are being made to suit the development of the modern engine.

*You can  
be sure of  
SHELL*



## Pictures in the Fire—continued from p. 173

There should, however, be a bound placed on materialism and I do pick a bone with whoever is responsible for having turned some of those inexpressibly lovely hills along the Rhine Valley into bad imitations of patch-work quilts. That is exactly what some of them look like—a strip of wheat, a strip of barley, a small cabbage field, a strip of vines! It is all so inartistic; and so are some of the houses painted in pink, blue, violet, bilious green, saffron, and so forth. They had been better advised to leave it to that good artist, Dame Nature. She cannot make a mistake, but man can, and does. It is not this way all along the Rhine. These are only ugly little patches which ought to be put on the already rather lengthy *verboten* list.

To pass from this to the entrancing beauty of the Rhine Falls at Schaffhausen and then the Bodensee is a relief. After seeing the falls you find it quite easy to believe in the Lorelei, and in Lurline, the lady whom Sir Rupert the Fearless treated so abominably. If you know your *Ingoldby*, as I am sure you do, being so erudite, you will recall that Rupert made shameless love to Lurline when he saw that even her saucepans and toast-racks were made of pure gold, and then, after collaring the lot, also her pearl necklace, deserted her for a Fräulein Una Von Something, a daughter of one of the old county families. Rupert paid for it, of course, in the end, for Lurline and the whole host of the Fairy Army of the Rhine raised such a tempest that he, his bride, his schloss and his vassals, even his old housekeeper, were washed clean away. If you look at the falls at Schaffhausen long enough on a bright moonlight

night, it is not at all difficult to see the beautiful form of the outraged Lurline, followed by the equally easy-to-look-at forms of her Rhine maidens, cascading onwards yet once again to destroy the faithless lover. I am certain that Lurline still sings this old song, which I am not poet enough to transpose into English verse and so give you in the German which, perhaps, is, after all, the right way to preserve the atmosphere. Here it is:—

*Ich weiss nicht was soll es bedeuten  
Das ich so traurig bin  
Ein Märchen aus uralten Zeiten  
Das kommt mir nicht aus dem Sinn.*

Anyway, whether this is the song of the falls or not, Lurline was most abominably treated and Rupert simply asked for all that came to him.

\* \* \*

Even the dogs seem to be anxious to be matey in Germany! There is one who belongs to the hotel in which I find myself. He has friendly eyes and all the soft drawl of South Germany is in his protest if he does not receive the desired attention: this is very upsetting if one is doing anything in particular at the time. His name is Heinrich. I call him "Heinz" for short, but mainly because he must have at least 57 quarterings in his escutcheon. He is the same colour as a tomato, his torso mainly Schnautzer, rearguard whippet, but a most charming dog, nevertheless.

\* \* \*


A Correction.

THE TATLER regrets that by a photographer's error a photograph published in the issue of July 7 was described as representing Sir Henry and Lady Stephenson—this was incorrect, the subjects of the picture were Sir Samuel and Lady Roberts.




IVOR NOVELLO AND ENA BURRILL


Complete with camera and French "Bully" at Portmeirion in North Wales, where they have lately been members of a large and light-hearted holiday party. A new all-Ivor Novello production, called *Crest of the Wave*, is due to make its bow to London in the autumn, and Miss Ena Burrill is to have a part in it




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293.—Diamond Brooch  
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277.—Sapphire and Diamond Ring  
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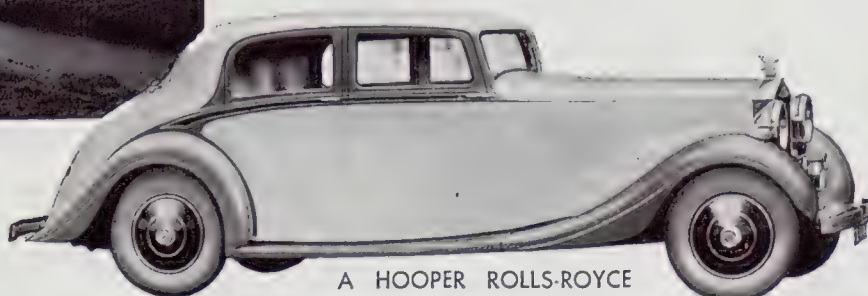
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# THE HIGHWAY OF FASHION

By M. E. Brooke



ALTHOUGH the spirit of the holidays is in the air when unsophisticated modes are needed, nevertheless there are many formal social functions when something just a little smarter must be worn, and then it is that velvet hats come under consideration. It is at Liberty's, Regent Street, that the trio portrayed may be seen. Stitched black velvet makes the model which heads the page. It has an artistically draped veil, while the top of the crown is decapitated and the brim slightly rolled. Lace and velvet share honours in the fashioning of the hat below in which the crown is of the former, trimmed on the right side with a "chou" of the same material. With a daring that is fully justified, half the crown is eliminated from the halo at the base of the page, thereby showing the hair. It is carried out in felt and not velvet, though it could, of course, be copied in other materials. There are double felt terais for two and a half guineas designed for India and other places in the vicinity of the tropics

TAILORED suits may be quite individual, no matter whether they be of the "classic" persuasion or consist of a dress and coat or cape. As a matter of fact four-piece ensembles, which include a jumper, skirt, coat and long coat, are by no means unusual. These outfits are especially well adapted for those who will spend the ensuing weeks travelling or in the country. They are made of featherweight wool tweeds with a rough surface, introducing stimuli French knots or clusters of hairy "fronds," either of which are original and decorative. Companion fabrics in different weights will have an immense vogue, while the check or other design may be smaller in the suit than in the coat. Incidentally, "waffle" weaves are among the revivals. It is believed that the visit of Their Majesties King George and Queen Elizabeth to Scotland is responsible for the rapidly re-turning fashion for plaids and tartans. In many cases entire suits are made of them, or else a plain suit or wrap may be trimmed with a gaily coloured plaid which can also be made into a simulated waistcoat. This accessory is attached to the coat and buttons down the centre with a neat cravat

OF course there is the frivolous side of fashion which includes the altogether charming semi-diaphanous blouses, waistcoats and fronts, that are never more effective than in organza or spotted muslin. Large butterfly and other bows alight in unexpected places, and in some instances take the place of sleeves. These accessories terminate at the waist and are held in position by a belt of the same material cut on Swiss peasant lines and stiffened with bones. Cumberbunds in soft crêpe are seen in conjunction with black "tops" as these affairs are sometimes called. It has been decreed that one thing apart is "suit" jewellery which includes fobs, mammoth watch chains, watches that take the place of floral buttonholes and twin clips. Enormous coloured handkerchiefs with black and white grounds are being seen, the design printed in gay colours. A novelty that is more often worn as a scarf than used as a handkerchief is made of a pleated gauze-like fabric. Its most important feature is that after it has been used all creases disappear. White handkerchiefs edged with lace or net are also regarded with much favour



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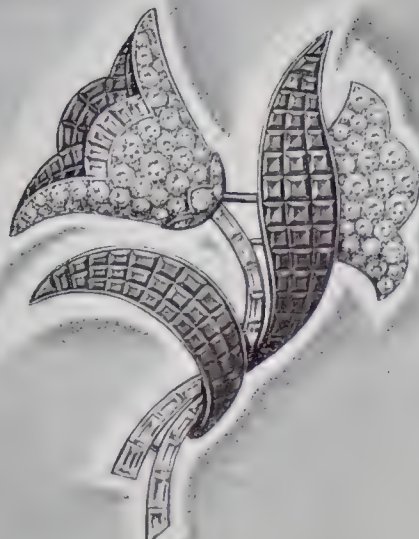
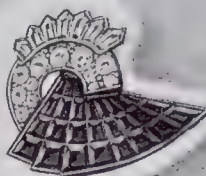
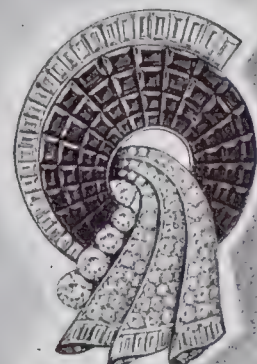
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# SUITED TO THE SEA

Fashions that  
will decorate  
even the  
smartest shore



THE importance of correct aquatic equipment cannot be overestimated. This fact will be demonstrated to all who visit Lillywhites' showrooms in Piccadilly Circus, or their new establishment at 90, Brompton Road. There is the "Stowaway," a birch multiple plywood beach canoe with collapsible sides, rot-proofed and water-proofed, with capacity for two grown-up people, which costs seven and a half guineas, while well-made portable airboats are thirty shillings. Too much cannot be said in favour of "Airofloat," a strong and airtight sun-bathing mattress

IT seems almost unnecessary to add that Lillywhites have no rivals to fear where sun and sea suits are concerned. On the right of the picture is a beach suit consisting of trousers and jacket of heavy ribbed wool with a gaily striped scarf. In the centre is a play-suit in heavy silk shantung, the front fastening of the zipper persuasion being concealed. It is available in three sizes and several gay colours for five guineas. The reclining figure is wearing a skirtless swim suit of wool woven with Lastex yarn; as will be noticed the floral design is really remarkably decorative

THERE are also accessories including shoes, belts, bags, and printed cotton triangles reinforced with eye shades. These are illustrated in the catalogue which will gladly be sent on application. Neither must it be overlooked that fashions for tennis enthusiasts are practical and distinctive. In some cases the shirt is of crêpe lisle and the shorts are tailored in flannel, or it may be that the shirt is of wool and the pleated shorts of linen. Again shorts-dresses are entirely of snow-white piqué, while a feature is likewise made of frocks for tennis occasions in which broderie anglais, buttons and pockets all have their rôles to play for decorative purposes



**"Bless you for  
my brown satin  
skin,  
Jane  
Seymour!"**



"I've come to consult you before going on my holiday," said a woman who came to my Salon. "I feel there must be some way of getting brown without going like a boiled lobster first."

"There is!" I said, smiling. "Don't overdo your sunbathing during the first few days—and make friends with my Sun Tan Bloc. It's a neat, clean little thing in a greaseproof case. Far better for your skin than oil and far less messy. It shuts out the harmful part of the sun's rays—and will help you to a lovely deep brown without peeling or reddening. Also, take particular care of your skin at nights and in the mornings. Cleanse it thoroughly with Cleansing Cream. Feed it well with Orange Skin Food, and brace it with Juniper Skin Tonic. This helps more than anything to ward off dryness and sun-wrinkles."

"That all sounds most sensible," she said.

"Now for make-up. I always feel as white as a ghost to begin with."

"Well, try my Golden Gleam Petal Cream, with Sun Rouge and Sun Bronze Powder!" I said, "and you'll look like a golden goddess!"

A few weeks later I happened to run into her at Deauville and she blessed me for her brown satin skin! "Everybody here is crazy about your Sun Tan Bloc!" she added.

You can get all these preparations from any smart shop, which will also give you my book 'Speaking Frankly.'

But do, if you can, call at my Salon and consult me about your holiday make-up. It's so important to get the right colours—and I have some really lovely ones. My address is: Jane Seymour Limited, 21 & 22 Grosvenor Street, Bond Street, London, W.1. Mayfair 3712.

**Jane Seymour** BEAUTY PREPARATIONS



# THREE COMRADES

The happy alliance  
of furs and chic



UNDOUBTEDLY silver fox will continue its success, as no fur is more flattering. Rivals to it will be cross-fox in dark brown shades lightened with beige, and dyed white Arctic fox. The most becoming tint will certainly be that of the natural blue fox. For evening there are ermine and snow-white fox, the latter frequently being posed on satin. The silhouette varies where coats are concerned, as there are the Princess line, the swagger, the straight and the "box." A new note is struck by the models which fit in front and swing out in deep flares at the back

THERE is more than a hint of formality about the furs in the Goringe salons in Buckingham Palace Road, where summer prices prevail. Incidentally, it must be mentioned that fur wraps and coats purchased during the ensuing weeks will be stored free of charge until required. Much to be desired are those portrayed. The silver fox cape at the top of the page is as appropriate for evening as for day wear. As a matter of fact it is a gilt-edged investment for sixty-five guineas, while the clever manner in which the skins are arranged at the neck should be noted. On the left below is a white Arctic fox cape dyed a natural blue shade, and costing sixty-nine guineas. As the season advances this fur will become extremely scarce, and in consequence the prices will increase. American broadtail, a pelt that is noteworthy on account of its wearing qualities, makes the wrap on the right with a wooden buckle. It is nineteen and a half guineas, and is endowed with a decidedly youthful air. Here are also to be seen some beautiful mink coats in which the skill of the furrier and tailor are seen in happy unison. Therefore these models are flattering as well as slimming, while it seems almost unnecessary to add that their weight is insignificant. Again there are wraps of ermine with an elusive mist which is very attractive. It is safe to predict that coats of Persian lamb and black caracul will have their rôles to play, and in many instances will be enriched with kolinsky and mink. Ocelot and leopard-skin will be worn in the country



Pictures by Blake







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## Lawn Tennis—continued from p. 178

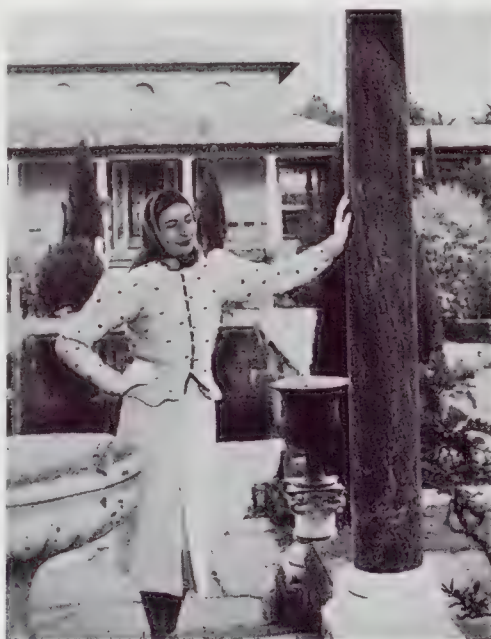
you will see identically the same immense force of concentration on her part. She never relaxes for a moment, however easy the path in front of her. She pays every opponent the same compliment, of trying her hardest from the first ball to the last—and that is a compliment. A compliment which I only wish more of our own young players would seek not to earn, but to pay themselves. Instead, they think it rather amusing to play wildly in the first few rounds of the country tournaments which at the present moment are being held all over the country. They fiddle and fool on the court, not caring how many games they lose to some mediocre opponent because they know that they cannot lose the match. But what they do not realise is that when it comes later on in the week to playing someone worthy of their best steel that they will discover, likely enough, that their sword has become blunted and their consistency no longer to be relied upon in a tight corner. Whereas Madame Mathieu will simply go on performing the same movements of battle that have become second nature to her that it hardly matters to her whether the ball is returned hard or softly to her from the other side of the net.

And if you think that is an exaggeration on my part look up her record during the last two years. Remember what she did to that much-fancied player, Senorita Lizana, at Wimbledon. Six games . . . and Madame Mathieu thinks it will be less next time. I had a long talk with her the other day; it was an illuminating experience. We were driving through the Wye Valley from Hereford to Newport. The Frenchwoman had been taking part in some exhibition matches for a Church charity on a vicarage lawn in front of 200 spectators. Nevertheless, she tried just as hard and was just as annoyed at losing a game as if she had been playing one of her two finals this year on the Centre Court

at Wimbledon. And when we were driving on from looking at Tintern Abbey and she had bought two dozen postcards to send her friends abroad she suddenly exclaimed, in answer to a remark of mine: "Je ne peux pas perdre." She did not say that arrogantly or in a way that anyone in a party could take umbrage. She merely made a statement of fact in which was the sum of her whole tennis philosophy. And if you think for a moment it is quite true. She loses so few

matches in the course of a season that she has every right to go on to court armoured by such confidence. Actually, one of those matches this year was at Bristol, where, in the West of England championships, she was defeated by Senorita Lizana. Madame Mathieu shrugged her shoulders as she put away the postcards into her bag. "It was my first tournament, sur l'herbe. It did not matter that I should lose at Bristol; what I wanted was to play her once on grass, so that if we met again at Wimbledon I could not lose a second time. . . ."

And again you could not dismiss such an explanation or condemn it as arrogance, as so obviously it was true in every respect. I saw the match between Lizana and Mathieu at Wimbledon, and it was quite obvious from the first game that Madame Mathieu knew exactly what she meant to do with her opponent, and proceeded quietly and calmly to do it. And in another ten years she may still be doing it!



A DANCER ON HOLIDAY:  
MARKOVA AT GLENGARIFF

Markova, who is half-Irish, is on holiday by the Lakes of Killarney. This is a period of rest before the opening of rehearsals of the Markova-Dolin ballet in August in preparation for a tour of the provinces

The Richmond Theatre, which has become quite famous as a "nursery" for new plays, reopens on August Bank Holiday with a sparkling new comedy, written by Hagar Wilde, Ernest V. Heyn and Elliott Nugent, entitled *The Fight's On*, in three rounds. The action takes place in Jamaica, and the cast includes Hugh Sinclair who starred in *Escape Me Never* with Elizabeth Bergner; Valerie Taylor, who featured in the long London run of *Call It a Day*; Antoinette Cellier, the film actress, who will be remembered for her fine work in *The Great Barrier*; and James Carney, the G.B. film star.

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Row, Temple, and Mrs. Margaret Ireland Gordon Maclean, of Chesham Street, S.W.1. Mr. E. D. Capel-Slaughter, third son of the late Sir William Capel-Slaughter, and only son of Lady Capel-Slaughter, is marrying Iveagh Marion, elder daughter of the late Dr. and Mrs. Adams Clarke.

## Recent Engagements.

Captain D. I. Morrison, 3rd/1st Punjab Regiment, son of Dr. and Mrs. R. H. Morrison, Melbourne, Australia, and Margaret, eldest daughter of Dr. and Mrs. A. Green, Chesterfield; Mr. F. A. Jackson, only son of Alderman and Mrs. F. Jackson, of Antrim House, Park Lane, Congleton, and Miss Doris Fielding, second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. L. Fielding, The Rookery, Woodlands Park, Altrincham; Mr. Francis Melville Heywood, fourth son of the Bishop of Ely and Mrs. Heywood, The Palace, Ely, and Dorothea Kathleen, eldest daughter of Sir Basil Mayhew, K.B.E., and the late Lady Mayhew, Felthorpe Hall, Norwich; Captain Edwyn Cobb,

## Marrying Shortly.

The marriage will shortly take place between Francis Eagland, son of Mrs. A. L. A. Coles, and the late Mr. A. H. Coles, of Blandford, Dorset, and Margaret Sophia Moira, daughter of Mr. R. Lachlan Maclean, of Crown Office



MISS ERICA CLAYTON EAST

The younger daughter of the late Sir George Clayton East, Bt., and of Lady Clayton East, who is to marry Capt. John Kenneth Maitland Gordon, the Welch Regiment, younger son of Mr. and Mrs. A. Gordon, of the Isle of Wight.

Royal Engineers, second son of the late Mr. W. H. Cobb, I. C. S., and Mrs. Cobb, of Oak House, Basinghurst, Basingstoke, and Priscilla, elder daughter of the late Capt. P. B. Lendon, M. V. O., and Mrs. Lendon, of Springfield, Shere, Guildford; Mr. J. F. Bowles, Native Department, Miami, S. Rhodesia, only son of the Rev. J. E. Bowles, of Wheatley Vicarage, Oxford, and Kathleen Beryl Truscott, of Bulawayo, youngest daughter of the late Captain Walter Hicks Truscott and Mrs. Truscott, of Fowey, Cornwall; Mr. D.



MISS JEAN ELLEN CUNNINGHAM

Miss Cunningham, who is the younger daughter of Engineer-Rear-Admiral and Mrs. J. E. G. Cunningham, is engaged to Lieut. Frank Conwy Morgan, H.M.S. Hood, younger son of Dr. and Mrs. Conwy Morgan

O'Rorke, only son of Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. F. C. O'Rorke, of Altery House, Newport, Monmouthshire, and Roslyn, youngest daughter of Mrs. M. B. Barton, of Luera, Blue Mountains, New South Wales; Lieut.-Colonel A. C. H. Trevor, Indian Army (Retd.), of Marton, Fleet, and Vera, daughter of the late Edwin Hammer Everett, of Clinthurst, Shalford, and of Mrs. Everett, of Broomhill, Fleet; Dr. P. M. F. Bishop, son of Major T. H. Bishop, Indian Medical Service (Retd.), and of Mrs. Bishop, and Winifred Phyllis, only daughter of Lieut.-Colonel E. Owen Thurston, F.R.C.S., I.M.S. (Retd.), and Mrs. Thurston, of Rydak, Budleigh Salterton, Devon.

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## Ladies' Kennel Association Notes

The summer holidays are upon us. Holidays are certainly made far more amusing by a dog, and, luckily, dogs are of all sizes and can be found to suit all tastes. Most dogs love motoring and are excellent travellers; occasionally one meets a dog who is car sick; but I have found this is often produced by excitement over a novel experience and wears off with use. When it does *not* it is better for all that the dog should be a pedestrian! Most hotels gladly receive dogs, but the owner should remember that the dog should be well behaved; if he is not it is not only unfair to the hotel keeper and other guests but to the dog himself, and makes things more difficult for other dog owners. A badly behaved, tiresome, spoilt dog is as bad as a badly behaved child, and the worst of it is parents and owners do not realise how offensive they are.

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Ch. Ingleston Ben will go down in Labrador history as one of the greatest sires that has ever been. Ben is the property of Lorna Lady Howe; bred by Mr. Dobie, he is descended from the great Bolo. He has

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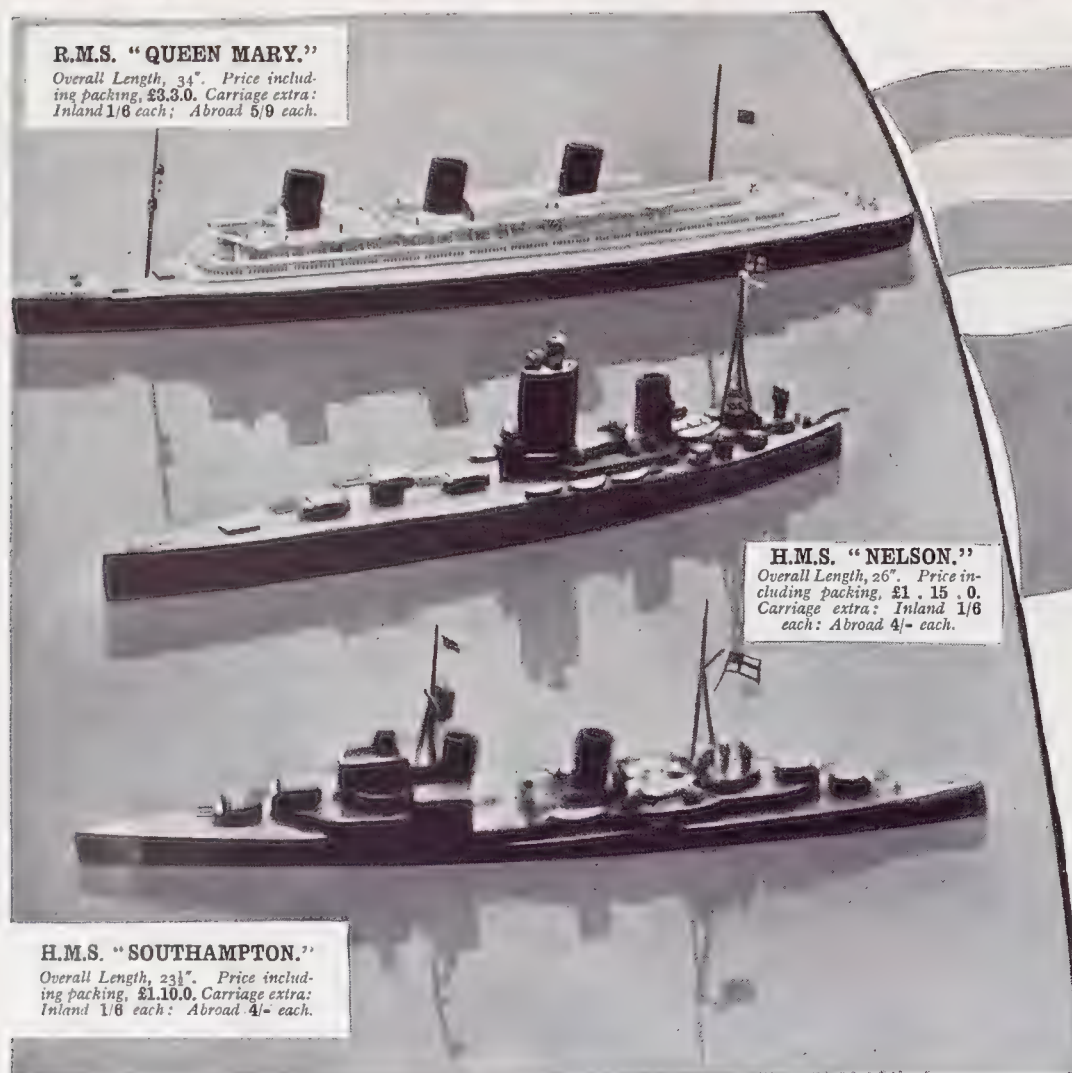
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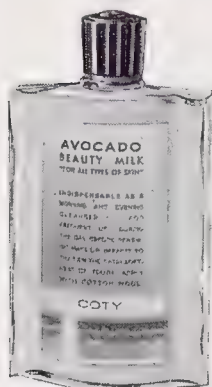
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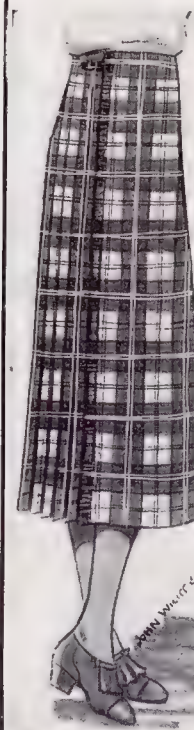
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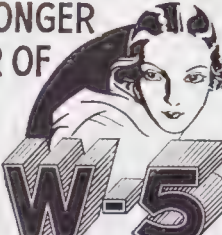
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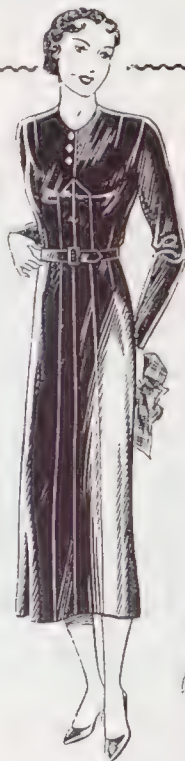


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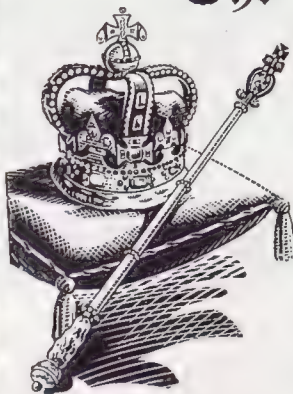
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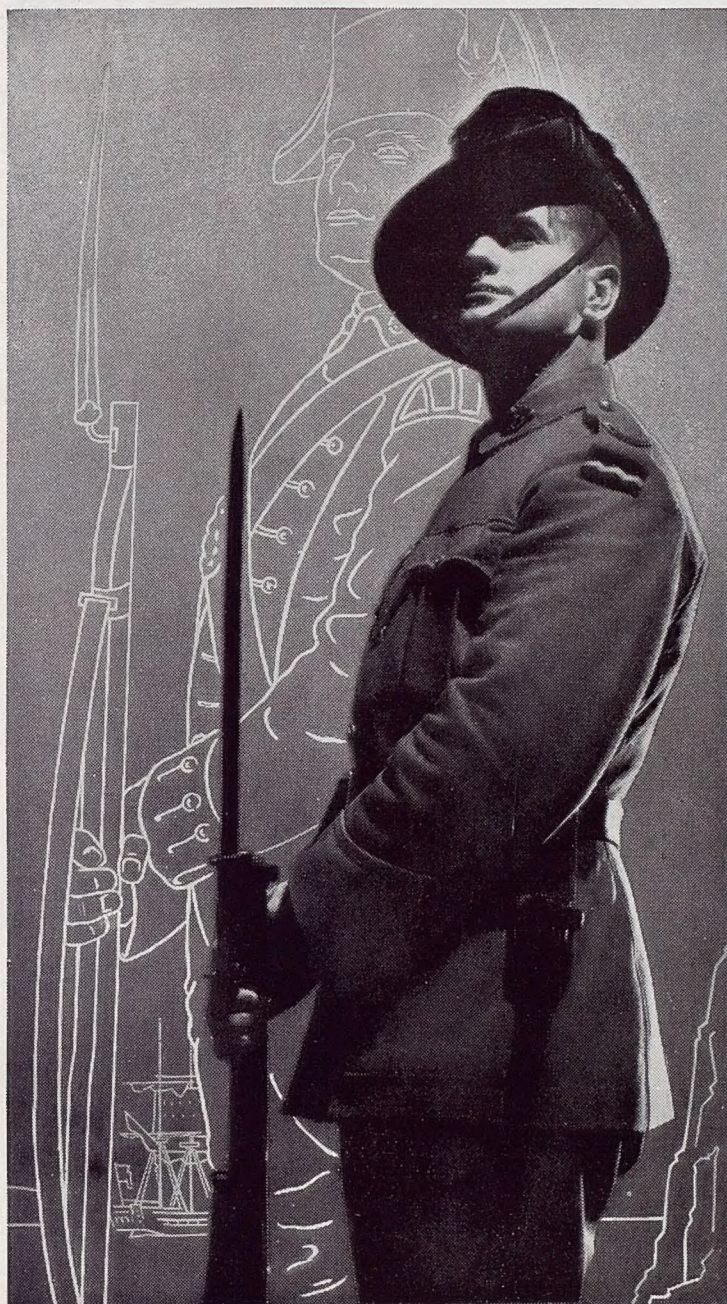
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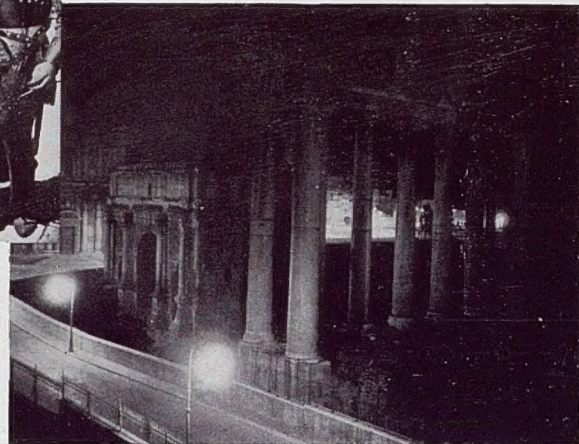
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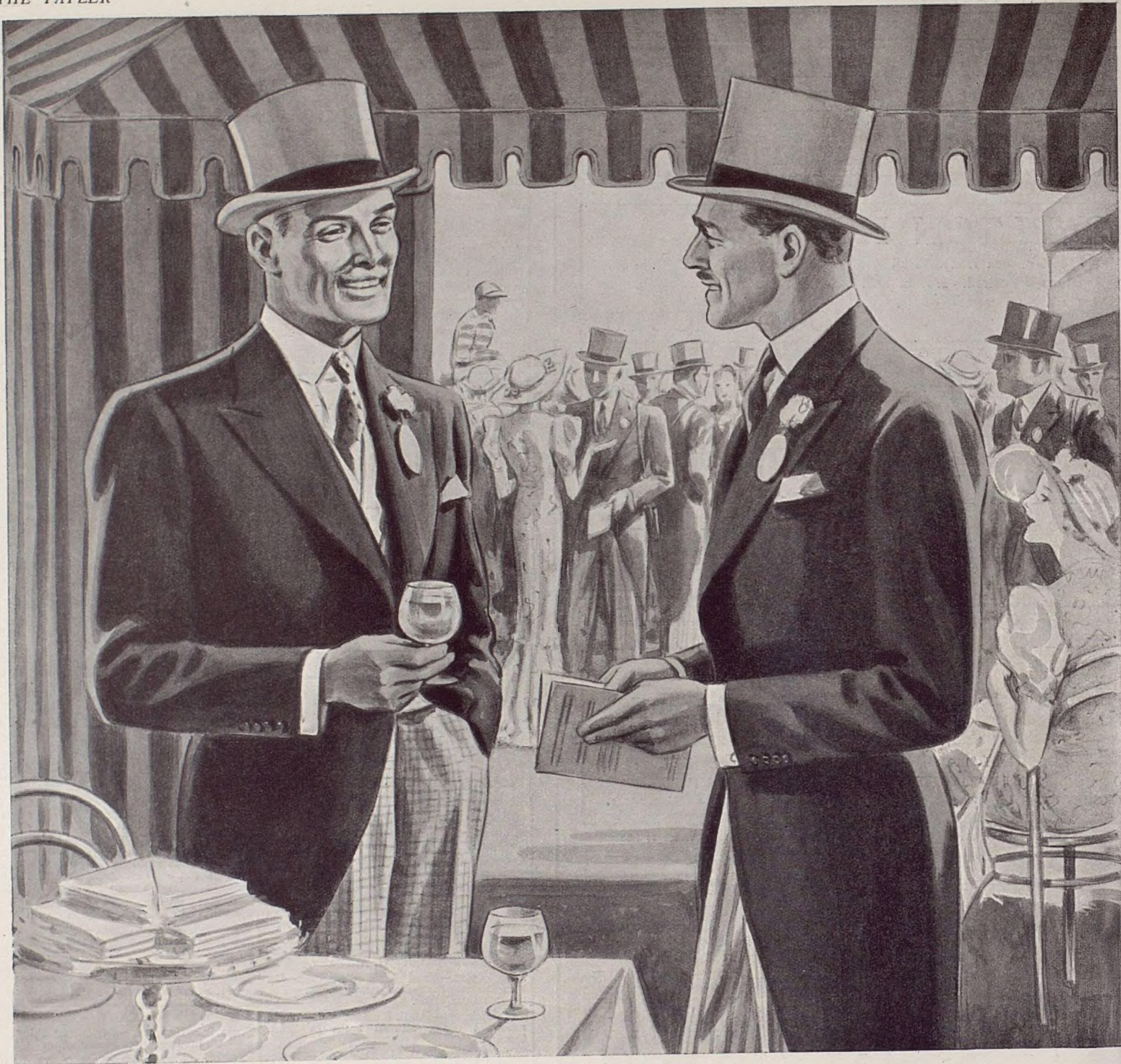
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